Familiar Letters:

Vol. I.

Written by the Right Honourable
John, late Earl of Rochester,
to the
Honble *Henry Savile*, Esq;
And other LETTERS, by
Persons of Honour and Quality.

WITH

LETTERS

Written by the most Ingenious
Mr. *THOMAS OTWAY*,
AND
Mrs. *K. PHILLIPS.*

Publish'd from their Original Copies.

With Modern LETTERS, by *THO. CHEEK*, Esq; Mr. *DENNIS*, And Mr. *BROWN.*

The Third Edition, with Additions.

London: Printed for *Rich. Wellington*, at the *Lute* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard. 1699.

Joanny Norris. S. O.

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TO
Dr. RADCLIFF.

I Have presum'd (tho' I knew at the same time how hainously I trespass'd against You in doing so) to inscribe Your Name to the following Collection of Letters. *As You were no stranger to that Excellent Person, whose Pieces Composes, by far, the most valuable part of it, so I was satisfy'd that every thing, from so Celebrated a Hand, wou'd be acceptable and welcome to You; and in that Confidence, made bold to give You the Trouble of this Address. My Lord Ro*chester *has left so establish'd a Reputation behind him, that he needs no officious Pen to set out his Worth, especially to You, who were acquainted so perfectly well with all his Eminent Qualities, that made him the Delight and Envy of both Sexes, and the Ornament of our Island. In every thing of his Lordship's writing, there's something so happily expres's'd, the Graces are so numerous, yet so unaffected, that I don't wonder why all the*

Original Touches of so incomparable a Master, have been enquir'd after, with so Publick and General a Concern. Most of his other Compositions, especially those in Verse, have long ago bless'd the Publick, and were receiv'd with Universal Delight and Admiration, which gives me Encouragement to believe that his Letters will find the like Reception. Tho' most of them were written upon private Occasions, to an Honourable Person, who was so happy in his Lordship's Acquaintance, with no intention to be ever made publick; yet that constant good Sence, which is all along visible in them, the Justice of the Observations, and the peculiar Beauties of the Style, are Reasons sufficient, why they should no longer be conceal'd in private Hands. And indeed, at this time, when the private Plate of the Nation comes abroad to relieve the present Exigences, it seems but just, that since the Dearth of Wit *is as great as that of* Money, *such a Treasure of so good Sence and Language, shou'd no longer be buried in* Oblivion. *With this difference, however, That whereas our Plate, before it can circulate in our Markets, must receive the Royal Stamp, must be melted down, and take another Form; these Unvaluable Remains want no Alterations to recommend them;*

they

they need only be taken from the Rich Mines where they grew; for their own Intrinſick Value ſecures them, and his Lordſhip's Name is ſufficient to make them Current.

As for the Letters *by other Hands, that make up this Volume, ſome of them were written by Gentlemen that are wholly ſtrangers to me; and others belong to thoſe that are ſo much better known in the World than my ſelf, that I can ſay nothing upon this Occaſion, but what falls vaſtly ſhort of their Merit. But I cannot forbear ſaying ſomething of Mr.* Otway's: *They have that Inimitable Tenderneſs in them, that I dare oppoſe them to any thing of Antiquity: I am ſure few of the preſent Age can pretend to come up to them. The Paſſions, in the raiſing of which, he had a Felicity peculiar to himſelf, are repreſented in ſuch lively Colours, that they cannot fail of affecting the moſt inſenſible Hearts, with pleaſing Agitations. I cou'd wiſh we had more Pieces of the ſame Hand; for I profeſs an intire Veneration to his Memory, and always look'd upon him as the only Perſon, almoſt, that knew the ſecret Springs and Sources of Nature, and made a true uſe of them. Love, as it is generally manag'd by other Hands, is either raving and* Enthuſiaſtical, *or elſe dull and languiſhing:*

In him alone 'tis true Nature, and at the same time inspires us with Compassion and Delight. After this, I will not venture to say any thing of my own Trifles that bring up the Rear. Some of 'em were written long ago, and now huddled in haste; the rest had a little more Care and Labour bestow'd upon them. If they contribute in the least to your Entertainment, which was my only Design in publishing them, I have attain'd my Ends: I have some others by me, which I may, perhaps, publish hereafter, if these meet with any tolerable Success.

I need not (and I am sure I cannot) make You a better Panegyrick, *than to acquaint the World, that You were happy in my Lord* Rochester's *Friendship, that he took pleasure in Your Conversation; of which even his Enemies must allow him to have been the best Judge, and that in the Politest Reign we can boast of in* England. *The Approbation of so impartial a Judge, who was in his Time, a Scourge to all Blockheads, by what Names or Titles soever dignified, or distinguished, is above all the Incense that a much better Hand than mine can presume to offer: Shou'd I put out all the Dedication Sails, as 'tis the way of most Authors, I cou'd soon erect You into a Great* Hero, *and Deli-*

verer;

verer; and tell how often You have triumphed over inveterate Distempers, and restor'd the Sick to that only Blessing, that makes Life supportable. I cou'd tell how, by Your single Merit, You have baffled a Faction form'd against You with equal Malice and Ignorance; I cou'd tell what marks of Munificence You have left behind You, in the Place that was honour'd with Your Education; and how generously ready You are to serve Your Friends upon all Occasions. But after all, the highest thing I will pretend to say of You, is, That You were esteem'd, and valu'd, and lov'd by my Lord Rochester. 'Tis true, as there never was any Conspicuous Merit in the World, that had not (like Hercules) Monsters to encounter, so You have had Your share of them; but, Heaven be prais'd, Your Enemies, with all their vain Endeavours, have only served to fix Your Interest, and advance Your Reputation: Tho' I know You hear of nothing with more uneasiness, than of the Favours You do; yet I cannot omit to tell, and indeed I am vain upon it, That You have condescended so low, as to divert those Hours You cou'd steal from the Publick, with some of my Trifles, that You have been pleased to think favourably of them, and rewarded them. For all which Obligations, I had no other way

of

of expressing my Gratitude but this; which, I am afraid will but inflame the Reckoning, instead of paying any part of the Debt: But this has been the constant Usage in all Ages of Parnassus, *and, like* Senators *that take Bribes, we have Antiquity and Universality to plead in our Excuse. But I forget that You are all this while in pain, till the* Dedication *releases You: Therefore I have nothing but my Wishes to add, That You, who have been so happy a Restorer of Health to others, may ever enjoy it Your Self, that Your Days may be always pleasant, and Your Nights easie, and that You'll be pleas'd to forgive this Presumption in*

Your most Humble,

and most Obliged Servant,

T. Brown.

THE

THE BOOKSELLER'S *Preface.*

HAving (by the Assistance of a Worthy Friend) procured the following *Letters*, that were written by the late Incomparable Earl of *Rochester*, (the Originals of all which I preserve by me, to satisfie those Gentlemen, who may have the Curiosity to see them under his Lordship's Hand) I was encouraged to trouble others of my Friends, that had any Letters in their Custody, to make this *Collection*, which I now publish.

Indeed the Letters that were written by the above-mention'd Honourable Person, have something so happy in the Manner and Style, that I need not lose my Time to convince the World they are genuine. I may say the same of Mr. *Otway*'s Letters, that they are full of Life and Passion, and sufficiently discover their Author. And that this *Collection* might be compleat, I got some that were written by the Fam'd *Orinda*, Mrs. *Katherine Phillips*,

Phillips, to be added to the reſt; together with others by ſome Gentlemen now living, that the *Reader* might have a Variety of Entertainment.

Our Neighbouring Nations, whom I don't believe we come ſhort of in any reſpect, have printed ſeveral Volumes of Letters, which met with publick Approbation; I am ſatisfied, that if the Gentlemen of *England* wou'd be as free, and Communicative to part with theirs, we might ſhew as great a number, and as good a Choice as they have done. It has been uſed as an Objection againſt publiſhing things of this Nature, That, if they are written as they ought to be, they ſhou'd never be made publick. But I hope this *Collection* will diſarm that Objection; for tho' the *Reader* may not underſtand every particular Paſſage, yet there are other things in them that will make him ſufficient Amends.

I have only a word more to add: Upon the Noiſe of this *Collection*, ſeveral Gentlemen have been ſo kind, as to ſend me in Materials to compoſe a Second, which is now printed; and, on the Printing the Second, I have procured as many of the Lord *Rocheſter*'s, the Duke of *Buckingham*,

ingham, and Sir *George Etheridge*, which will almoſt make a Third Volume, which if I can compleat, it ſhall be publiſh'd next *Trinity-Term*; and therefore thoſe Gentlemen that have any Curious Letters by them, written by thoſe Honourable Perſons, and are willing to oblige the Publick, by letting them come abroad, are deſired to ſend them to me, who will take Care to have them faithfully Tranſcrib'd for the Preſs, and Printed in the Third Volume; which will be intirely theirs, and no Modern one mixt with them.

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Familiar Letters,

By the Right Honourable,

JOHN,

LATE

Earl of *ROCHESTER.*

VOL. I.

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

DO a Charity becoming one of your pious Principles, in preserving your humble Servant *Rochester*, from the imminent Peril of Sobriety; which for want of good Wine, more

than Company, (for I can drink like a Hermit betwixt God and my own Conſcience) is very like to befal me: Remember what Pains I have formerly taken *to wean you from your pernicious Reſolutions of Diſcretion and Wiſdom!* And, if you have a grateful Heart, (which is a Miracle amongſt you Stateſmen) ſhew it, by directing the Bearer to the beſt Wine in *Town*; and pray let not this higheſt Point of *Sacred Friendſhip* be perform'd *ſlightly*, but go about it *with all due deliberation and care, as holy Prieſts to Sacrifice, or as diſcreet Thieves to the wary performance of Burglary and Shop-lifting.* Let your well-diſcerning Pallat (the beſt Judge about you) travel from Cellar to Cellar, and then from Piece to Piece, till it has lighted on Wine *fit for its noble Choice and my Approbation.* To engage you the more in this matter, know, I have laid a Plot may very probably betray you to the Drinking of it. My Lord —— will inform you at large.

Dear *Savile!* as ever thou doſt hope to *out-do Machiavel*, or *equal Me*, ſend ſome good Wine! So may thy wearied Soul

Soul at last find Rest, no longer hov'ring 'twixt th' unequal Choice of *Politicks* and *Lewdness!* Mayst thou be admir'd and lov'd for thy *domestick Wit*; *belov'd* and *cherish'd* for thy *foreign Interest* and *Intelligence.*

ROCHESTER.

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU cannot ſhake off the Stateſman intirely; for, I percieve, you have no Opinion of a Letter, that is not almoſt a Gazette: Now, to me, who think the World as giddy as my ſelf, I care not which way it turns, and am fond of no News, but the Proſperity of my Friends, and the Continuance of their Kindneſs to me, which is the only Error I wiſh to continue in 'em: For my own part, I am not at all ſtung with my Lord *M*——'s mean Ambition, but I aſpire to my Lord *L*———'s generous Philoſophy: They who would be great in our little Government, ſeem as ridiculous to me as School-boys, who, with much endeavour, and ſome danger, climb a Crabtree, venturing their Necks for Fruit, which ſolid Pigs would diſdain, if they were

were not ſtarving. Theſe Reflections, how idle ſoever they ſeem to the Buſie, if taken into conſideration, would ſave you many a weary Step in the Day, and help *G —y*, to many an Hours ſleep, which he wants in the Night: But *G——y* would be rich; and, by my troth, there is ſome ſence in that: Pray remember me to him, and tell him, I wiſh him many Millions, that his Soul may find reſt. You write me word, That I'm out of favour with a certain Poet, whom I have ever admir'd, for the diſproportion of him and his Attributes: He is a Rarity which I cannot but be fond of, as one would be of a Hog that could fiddle, or a ſinging Owl. If he falls upon me at the Blunt, which is his very good Weapon in Wit, I will forgive him, if you pleaſe, and leave the Repartee to *Black Will*, with a Cudgel. And now, Dear *Harry*, if it may agree with your Affairs, to ſhew your ſelf in the Country this Summer, contrive ſuch a Crew together, as may not be aſham'd of paſſing by *Woodſtock*; and, if you can debauch Alderman *G—y*, we will make a ſhift to delight his Gravity. I am ſorry for

the declining D——ſs, and would have you generous to her at this time; for that is true Pride, and I delight in it.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THIS Day I receiv'd the *unhappy News* of my own *Death and Burial.* But, hearing what *Heirs* and *Succeſſors* were decreed me in *my Place*, and *chiefly* in *my Lodgings*, it was no ſmall Joy to me, that *thoſe Tydings* prove *untrue*; my Paſſion *for Living*, is ſo encreas'd, that I omit *no Care of my ſelf*; which, *before*, I never thought *Life worth the trouble of taking.* The King, who knows me to be a *very ill-natur'd Man*, will not think it *an eaſie matter* for me *to die*, now I *live chiefly out of ſpight.* Dear Mr. *Savile*, aſford me ſome News from your *Land of the Living*; and though I have little Curioſity to hear who's *well*, yet I would be *glad* my few *Friends* are *ſo*, of whom *you* are no more *the leaſt* than *the leaneſt.* I have *better Compliments* for you,

but that may not look ſo ſincere as I would have you believe I am, when I profeſs my ſelf,

Your faithful, affectionate,

humble Servant,

Adderbury, *near* Banbury, Feb. *ult.* ROCHESTER.

My Service to my Lord *Middleſex.*

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

I Am in a great ſtraight what to write to you; the ſtile of *Buſineſs* I am not vers'd in, and you may have forgot *the familiar one* we us'd heretofore. What Alterations *Miniſtry* makes in Men, is not to be imagined; though I can truſt with confidence all thoſe *You* are liable to, *ſo well I know* you, and *ſo perfectly I love* you. We are in ſuch a *ſetled Happineſs*, and ſuch *merry Security* in this place, that, if it were not for *Sickneſs*, I could paſs my time very well, between *my own Ill-nature*, which inclines me very little to pity the Miſfortunes of *malicious miſtaken Fools*, and the *Policies of the Times*, which expoſe *new Rarities* of *that kind* every day. The News I have to ſend, and the ſort alone which could be ſo to *you*, are things *Gyaris & carcere digna*; which I dare

dare not truſt to *this pretty Fool, the Bearer*, whom I heartily recommend to your *Favour* and *Protection*, and *whoſe Qualities* will recommend him more; and truly, if it might ſuit with your *Character*, at your times of leiſure, to Mr. *Baptiſt*'s Acquaintance, the happy Conſequence would be *Singing*, and in which your *Excellente* might have a ſhare not unworthy *the greateſt Embaſſadors*, nor to be deſpis'd even by a *Cardinal-Legate*; the *greateſt and graveſt* of *this Court* of *both Sexes* have taſted his *Beauties*; and, I'll aſſure you, *Rome* gains upon us *here* in *this point* mainly; and there is no part of the *plot* carried with ſo much *Secreſie* and *Vigour* as *this*. Proſelytes, of conſequence, are daily made, and Lord *S*-------'s *Impriſonment* is no *check* to any. An account of Mr. *George Porter*'s *Retirement*, upon News that Mr. *Grimes*, with *one Gentleman more*, had invaded *England*, Mr. *S*---'s Apology, for making Songs on the Duke of *M.* with his *Oration-Conſolatory* on my Lady *D*——'s Death, and a *Politick Diſſertation* between my Lady *P*——*s* and Capt. *Dangerfield*, with many other *worthy Treatiſes* of the *like nature*, are things worthy your peruſal; but I durſt not

ſend

ſend 'em to you *without leave*, not knowing what *Conſequence* it might draw upon your *Circumſtances* and *Character*; but if they will admit a *Correſpondence* of that *kind*, in which *alone* I dare preſume to think my ſelf *capable*, I ſhall be very *induſtrious* in that way, or any *other*, to keep you from *forgetting*,

Your moſt affectionate,

obliged, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

White hall,
Nov. 1.
---79.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WEre I as *Idle* as *ever*, which I ſhou'd not fail of being, if Health permitted; I wou'd write a ſmall *Romance*, and make *the Sun* with his *diſhriev'el'd Rays* gild the Tops of *the Palaces in Leather-lane:* Then ſhou'd *thoſe vile Enchanters* Barten *and* Ginman, lead forth their *Illuſtrious Captives in chains of Quickſilver*, and confining 'em by *Charms* to *the loathſome Banks of a dead lake of Diet-drink*; you, as my Friend, ſhou'd break the horrid Silence, and ſpeak *the moſt paſſionate Fine things* that ever *Heroick Lover* utter'd; which being *ſoftly* and *ſweetly* reply'd to by Mrs. *Roberts*, ſhou'd *rudely* be *interrupted* by *the envious* F——. Thus wou'd I lead the *mournful Tale* along, till *the gentle Reader bath'd* with the *Tribute* of his Eyes, *the Names* of ſuch *unfortunate Lovers*——

And

And this (I take it) wou'd be a most excellent way of *celebrating the Memories* of my most *Pockey Friends, Companions and Mistresses.* But it is a *miraculous thing* (as *the Wise* have it) when a Man, *half in the Grave,* cannot leave off *playing the Fool, and the Buffoon*; but so it falls out to my Comfort: For at this Moment I am in a *damn'd Relapse,* brought by a *Feaver,* the *Stone,* and some *ten Diseases more,* which have depriv'd me of the power of *crawling,* which I happily enjoy'd some days ago; and now I fear, I must *fall,* that it may be *fulfilled* which was long since *written for Instruction* in a good old *Ballad,*

But he who lives not Wise and Sober,
Falls with the Leaf still in October.

About which time, in all probability, there may be a period added to the *ridiculous being* of

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

To

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IN my Return from *New-market*, I met your *Packet*, and truly was not more *ſurprized* at the *Indirectneſs* of Mr. F's *Proceeding*, than *overjoy'd* at the *Kindneſs and Care of yours. Miſery makes all Men leſs or more diſhoneſt*; and I am not *aſtoniſh'd* to ſee *Villany* induſtrious for Bread; *eſpecially*, living in *a place* where it is often ſo *de gayete de Cœur*. I believe, *the Fellow* thought of this *Device* to get ſome Money, or elſe he is *put upon it* by Some-body, who has given it him already; but I give him leave to prove what he can againſt me: However, I will ſearch into the Matter, and give you a further account within a Poſt or two. In the mean time you have made my Heart glad in giving me ſuch *a Proof* of your *Friendſhip*; and I am now ſen-

ſenſible, that it is *Natural* for you to be *kind* to me, and can *never more* deſpair of it.

I am your faithful, oblig'd,

humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

Biſhop Stafford,
Apr. 5. 80.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE,
Embaſſador in *FRANCE.*

Begun, White-hall, May 30*th*, 79.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIS neither *Pride* or *Neglect* (for I am not of *the new Council*, and I love you *ſincerely*) but *Idleneſs* on one ſide, and not *knowing* what to ſay on the *other*, has hindred me from writing to you, after ſo *kind a Letter*, and *the Preſent* you ſent me, for which I return you at laſt my humble Thanks. *Changes* in *this place* are *ſo frequent*, that *F——himſelf* can now no longer give an account, why this was done *to Day*, or what will enſue to *Morrow*; and *Accidents* are *ſo extravagant*, that my Lord *W——* intending to *Lie*, has, with a *Prophetick Spirit*, *once told truth*. Every Man *in this Court* thinks he ſtands fair for *Miniſter*; ſome give it to

to *Shaftsbury*, others to *Halifax*; but Mr. *Waller* ſays *S*——does all; I am ſure my Lord *A*——does little, which your Excellence will eaſily believe. And now the War in *Scotland* takes up all the Diſcourſe of *Politick Perſons*. His Grace of *Lauderdale* values himſelf upon the *Rebellion*, and tells the King, It is very *auſpicious* and *advantageous to the drift of the preſent Councils*: The reſt of the *Scots*, and eſpecially D. *H*——are very inquiſitive after *News* from *Scotland*, and really make *a handſome Figure* in *this Conjuncture* at *London*. What the D. of *Monmouth* will effect, is now the general *Expectation*, who took *Poſt unexpectedly*, left *all* that had offer'd their Service in *this Expedition*, in *the lurch*; and, being attended only by Sir *Thomas Armſtrong*, and Mr. *C*——will, without queſtion, have the *full Glory* as well of the *Prudential* as the *Military Part* of this *Action entire to himſelf*. The moſt *Profound Politicians* have weighty *Brows*, and *careful Aſpects* at preſent, upon a *Report* crept abroad, *That Mr.* Langhorn, *to ſave his Life, offers a Diſcovery of* Prieſts, *and* Jeſuits *Lands, to the value of Fourſcore and ten thouſand Pounds a Year*; which being

accepted, it is fear'd, *Partisans* and *Undertakers* will be found out to advance a considerable Sum of *Money*, upon this *Fund*, to the *utter Interruption of Parliaments*, and the *Destruction of many hopeful Designs*. This, I must call *God* to witness, was never hinted to me in *the least* by Mr. *P*—— to whom I beg you will give me your hearty Recommendations. Thus much to afford you a taste of my *serious Abilities*, and to let you know I have a great *Goggle-eye* to *Business*: And now I cannot deny you a share in the *high satisfaction* I have receiv'd at the account which flourishes here of your high *Protestancy* at *Paris*: *Charenton* was never so honour'd, as since your *Residence* and *Ministry* in *France*, to that *Degree*, that it is not doubted if the *Parliament* be sitting at your Return, or otherwise the *Mayor* and *Common-Council*, will petition the *King* you may be *Dignified* with the *Title of that place*, by way of *Earldom*, or *Dukedom*, *as his* Majesty *shall think most proper to give, or you accept*.

Mr. *S*—— is a Man of that *Tenderness of Heart, and approv'd Humanity*, that he will doubtless be highly *afflicted* when he hears

hears of the *unfortunate Pilgrims*, tho' he appears *very obdurate* to the *Complaints* of *his own best Concubine*, and *your fair Kinswoman M*———who now ſtarves. The Packet inclos'd in your laſt, I read with all the ſence of Compaſſion it merits, and if I can prove ſo unexpectedly happy to ſucceed in my *Endeavours* for that Fair Unfortunate, ſhe ſhall have a ſpeedy account. I thank *God*, there is yet a *Harry Savile* in *England*, with whom I drank your Health laſt Week, at Sir *William Coventry*'s: and who, in *Features*, *Proportion* and *Pledging*, gives me ſo *lively* an *Idea* of *Your ſelf*, that I am reſolv'd to retire into *Oxfordſhire*, and enjoy him till *Shiloe* come, or *You* from *France*.

ROCHESTER.

Ended the 25*th* of June, 1679.

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

ANY kind of Correſpondence with ſuch a Friend as You, is very agreeable; and therefore You will eaſily believe, I am very ill when I loſe the opportunity of writing to You: But Mr. *Povy* comes into my Mind, and hinders farther Compliment: In a plainer way I muſt tell You, I pray for *Your happy Reſtoration*; but was not at all ſorry for Your *glorious Diſgrace*, which is an Honour, conſidering the *Cauſe*. I wou'd ſay ſomething to the *Serious* part (as You were pleas'd to call it) of Your *former* Letter; but it will diſgrace my *Politicks* to differ from yours, who have wrought now ſome time under the *beſt* and *keeneſt Stateſmen* our *Cabinet* boaſts of: But, to confeſs the Truth, my Advice to the Lady You wot of, has ever been this, *Take Your Meaſures juſt contrary to Your* Rivals, *live in Peace with all the World, and eaſily with the* King: *Never*

Never be so Ill-natur'd to stir up his Anger against others, but let him forget the use of a Passion, which is never to do You good: Cherish his Love where-ever it inclines, and be assur'd You can't commit greater Folly, than pretending to be Jealous; but, on the contrary, with Hand, Body, Head, Heart, and all the Faculties You have, contribute to his Pleasure all You can, and comply with his Desires throughout: And, for new Intrigues, so You be at one end, 'tis no matter which: Make Sport when You can, at other times help it.

——— Thus I have given You an Account how unfit I am to give the Advice You propos'd: Besides this, You may judge, whether I was a good *Pimp*, or no. But some thought *otherwise*; and so truly I have renounc'd *Business*; let abler Men try it. More a great deal I would say, but upon this Subject; and, for this time, I beg this may suffice, from

Your humble and most affectionate faithful Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO THE *Honourable* HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

'TIS not that I am the idleſt Creature living, and only chuſe to imploy my Thoughts rather upon my Friends, than to languiſh all the Day in the tediouſneſs of doing nothing, that I write to You; but owning, that (tho' You excel moſt Men in Friendſhip and good Nature) You are not quite exempt from all Humane Frailty; I ſend this to hinder You from forgetting a Man who loves You very heartily. The *World*, ever ſince I can remember, has been ſtill ſo inſupportably the ſame, that 'twere vain to hope there were any alterations; and therefore I can have no *Curioſity* for *News*; only I wou'd be glad to know if the *Parliament* be like to ſit any time; for the *Peers* of *England*, being grown of late Years very conſiderable in the Government, I wou'd make one at the Seſſion. *Livy* and Sickneſs has a littlein-clin'd me to *Policy*; when I come to Town,

Town, I make no question but to change that *Folly* for some less; whether *Wine* or *Women* I know not; according as my *Constitution* serves me; Till when (Dear *Harry*) Farewel! When You Dine at my Lord *Lisle*'s, let me be remembred.

Kings and Princes are only as Incomprehensible, as what they *pretend* to represent; but apparently as frail as Those they Govern.—— This is a Season of Tribulation; and I piously beg of Almighty *God*, that the *strict severity* shewn to one scandalous *Sin* amongst us, may expiate for all grievous *Calamities*.—— So help them *God*, whom it concerns!

TO THE *Honourable* HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

IF *Sack and Sugar be a ſin,* God *help the Wicked;* was the Saying of a merry fat Gentleman, who liv'd in Days of *Yore,* lov'd a Glaſs of *Wine,* wou'd be merry with a Friend, and ſometimes had an unlucky Fancy for a Wench. Now (dear Mr. *Savile*) forgive me, if I confeſs, that, upon ſeveral occaſions, you have put me in Mind of this fat *Perſon,* and now more particularly, for thinking upon your preſent Circumſtances, I cannot but ſay with my ſelf, If loving a pretty Woman, and hating *Lautherdale*, bring Baniſhments and *Pox*, the *Lord* have mercy upon poor *Thieves* and *S——s!* But, by this time, all your Inconveniences (for, to a Man of your very good Sence, no outward Accidents are more) draw very near their end: For my own part, I'm taking pains not to die, without knowing how to live on, when I have brought it about: But moſt Human Affairs are carried

ried on at the ſame *Non-ſenſical* rate, which makes me, (who am now grown *Superſtitious*) think it a Fault to laugh at the *Monkey* we have here, when I compare his *Condition* with *Mankind*. You will be very Good-natur'd, if you keep your Word, and write to me ſometimes: And ſo Good-night, dear Mr. *Savile*.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE *Honourable* HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

WHether *Love*, *Wine*, or *Wiſdom*, (which rule you by turns) have the preſent *Aſcendant*, I cannot pretend to determine at this diſtance; but *Good-nature*, which waits about you with more diligence than *Godfrey* himſelf, is my *Security*, that you are *Unmindful* of your abſent Friends: To be from you, and forgotten by you at once, is a *Misfortune* I never was criminal enough to *merit*, ſince to the Black and Fair *Counteſs*, I villanouſly *betray'd* the Daily Addreſſes of your divided Heart: You forgave that upon the *firſt Bottle*, and upon the *ſecond*, on my Conſcience, wou'd have renounc'd *them, and the whole Sex*; Oh! *That ſecond Bottle* (Harry!) *is the Sincereſt, Wiſeſt, and moſt Impartial Downright Friend we have*; tells us truth of *Our ſelves*, and forces Us to ſpeak Truths of

of *others*; banishes *Flattery* from our *Tongues*, and *Distrust* from our *Hearts*, sets us above the *mean Policy of Court-Prudence*; which makes us lie to one another *all Day*, for fear of being *Betray'd* by each other *at Night*. And (before *God*) I believe the *erranteſt Villain breathing, is honeſt as long as that Bottle lives*, and few of *that Tribe* dare venture upon him, at leaſt, among the *Courtiers* and *Stateſmen*. I have ſeriouſly conſider'd one thing, That the three Buſineſſes of this Age, *Women*, *Politicks*, and *Drinking*, the *laſt* is the only Exerciſe at which you and I have not prov'd our ſelves *errant Fumblers*: If you have the *Vanity* to think *otherwiſe*; when we meet, let us appeal to Friends of *both Sexes*, and as they ſhall determine, live and die *their Drunkards*, or *entire Lovers*. For, as we mince the Matter, it is hard to ſay which is the moſt *tireſome Creature*, *Loving Drunkard*, or the *Drunken Lover*.

If you ventur'd Your fat *Buttock a Gallop* to *Portſmouth*, I doubt not but thro' extream *Galling*, you now lie Bed-rid of the *Piles*, or *Fiſtula* in *Ano*, and have the leiſure to write to your Country Acquaintance,

tance; which if you omit, I ſhall take the Liberty to conclude you *very Proud. Such a Letter* ſhou'd be directed to me at *Adderbury*, near *Banbury*, where I intend to be within theſe three Days. From

Your obedient humble Servant,

Bath, the 22d. of June

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

WHether *Love*, or the *Politicks* have the greater Intereſt in your Journey to *France*, becauſe it is argu'd among *wiſer* Men, I will not conclude upon; but hoping ſo much from your Friendſhip, that, without reſerve, you will truſt me with the time of your ſtay in *Paris*; I have writ this to aſſure you, if it can continue a Month, I will not fail to wait on you there. My Reſolutions are to improve this Winter, for the Improvement of my Parts in *Foreign Countries*; and if the *Temptation* of ſeeing you, be added to the *Deſires* I have already, the Sin is ſo ſweet, that I am reſolv'd to embrace it, and leave out of my Prayers, *Libera nos a malo*—— *For thine is*, &c.

ROCHESTER.

Oxford, September. 5.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

'TIS not the *Leaſt* of my Happineſs, that I think you love me; but the *Firſt* of all my *Pretenſions* is to make it appear, that I faithfully endeavour to *deſerve* it. If there be a *Real good* upon Earth, 'tis in the *Name of FRIEND*, without which all others are meer fantaſtical. How few of us are fit ſtuff to make that thing, we have daily the melancholly Experience.

However, dear *Harry!* Let us not give out, nor deſpair of bringing that about, which, as it is the moſt difficult, and rare Accident of Life, is alſo the beſt; nay, (perhaps) the only good one. This Thought has ſo entirely poſſeſs'd me ſince I came into the Country, (where,

(where, only, one can think; for, you at Court think not at all; or, at leaſt, as if you were ſhut up in a Drum; as you think of nothing, but the Noiſe that is made about you) that I have made many Serious Reflections upon it, and, amongſt others, gather'd one Maxime, which I deſire, ſhou'd be communicated to our Friend Mr. *G*——; That, *We are bound in* Morality *and common* Honeſty, *to endeavour after Competent Riches*; ſince it is certain, that few Men, if any, uneaſie in their Fortunes, have prov'd firm and clear in their Friendſhips. A very poor Fellow, is a very poor Friend; and not one of a thouſand can be good natur'd to another, who is not pleas'd within himſelf. But while I grow into Proverbs, I forget that you may impute my Philoſophy to the *Dog-days*, and living alone. To prevent the Inconveniences of Solitude, and many others, I intend to go to the *Bath* on Sunday next, in Viſitation to my Lord Treaſurer. Be ſo Politick, or be ſo Kind, (or a little of both, which is better) as to ſtep down thither, if

famous

famous Affairs at *Windſor*, do not detain you. Dear *Harry*, I am

Your Hearty, Faithful, Affectionate,
Humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

If you ſee the Dutcheſs of *P*—— very often, take ſome opportunity to talk to her about what I ſpoke to you at *London*.

TO

TO THE
Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

IF it were the Sign of an honest Man, to be happy in his Friends, sure I were mark'd out for the worst of Men; since no one ne'er lost so many as I have done, or knew to make so few. The Severity you say the Dutchess of *P——t* shews to me, is a proof, that 'tis not in my power to deserve well of Any-body; since (I call Truth to witness) I have never been guilty of an Errour, that I know, to her: And this may be a Warning to you, that remain in the Mistake of being kind to me, never to expect a grateful Return; since I am so utterly ignorant how to make it: To value you in my Thoughts, to prefer you in my Wishes, to serve you in my Words; to observe, study, and to obey you in all my Actions, is too little; since I have performed all this to her, without so much

as an Offenſive Accident. And yet ſhe thinks it juſt, to uſe me ill. If I were not malicious enough to hope ſhe were in the wrong, I muſt have a very melancholly Opinion of my ſelf. I wiſh your Intereſt might prevail with her, as a Friend of her's, not mine, to tell how I have deſerv'd it of her, ſince ſhe has ne'er accus'd me of any Crime, but of being Cunning; and I told her, Somebody had been Cunninger than I, to perſwade her ſo. I can as well ſupport the Hatred of the whole World, as Anybody, not being generally fond of it. Thoſe whom I have oblig'd, may uſe me with Ingratitude, and not afflict me much: But to be injur'd by thoſe who have oblig'd me, and to whoſe Service I am ever bound; is ſuch a Curſe, as I can only wiſh on them who wrong me to the Dutcheſs.

I hope you have not forgot what G——y and you have promis'd me; but within ſome time you will come and fetch me to *London*: I ſhall ſcarce think of coming, till you call me, as not having many prevalent Motives to draw me to the Court, if it be ſo that my Maſter

fter has no need of my Service, nor my Friends of my Company.

Mr. *Shepheard* is a Man of a fluent Stile, and coherent Thought; if, as I suspect, he writ your Postscript.

I wish my Lord *Halifax* Joy of every Thing, and of his Daughter to boot.

ROCHESTER.

TO THE *Honourable* HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU, who have known me these ten Years the Grievance of all prudent Persons, the By-word of Statesmen, the Scorn of ugly Ladies, which are very near All, and the irreconcilable Aversion of fine Gentlemen, who are the Ornamental Part of a Nation, and yet found me seldom sad, even under these weighty Oppressions; can you think that the loving of lean Arms, small Legs, red Eyes and Nose, (if you will consider that trifle too) can have the power to depress the Natural *Alacrity* of my careless Soul; especially upon receiving a fine Letter from Mr. *Savile*, which never wants Wit, and Good-nature; two Qualities able to transport my Heart with Joy, tho' it were breaking? I wonder at *M*——'s flaunting it in Court with such fine Clothes; sure he is an alter'd Person since I saw him; for,

for, since I can remember, neither his own self, nor any belonging to him, were ever out of Rags: His Page alone was well cloath'd of all his Family, and that but in appearance; for, of late he has made no more of wearing Second-hand *C——ts*, than Second-hand *Shooes*; tho' I must confess, to his Honour, he chang'd 'em oftner. I wish the *King* were soberly advis'd about a main Advantage in this Marriage, which may possibly be omitted; I mean, the ridding his Kingdom of some old Beauties, and young Deformities, who swarm, and are a Grievance to his Liege People. A Foreign Prince ought to behave himself like a Kite, who is allow'd to take one Royal Chick for his Reward; but then 'tis expected, before he leaves the Country, his Flock shall clear the whole Parish of all the Garbage and Carrion many Miles about. The *King* had never such an Opportunity; for the *Dutch* are very foul Feeders, and what they leave he must never hope to be rid of, unless he set up an Intrigue with the *Tartars* or *Cossacks*. For the Libel you speak of, upon that most unwitty Generation, the present *Poets*, I rejoyce in it with all my Heart,

and ſhall take it for a Favour, if you will ſend me a Copy. He cannot want Wit utterly, that has a Spleen to thoſe Rogues, tho' never ſo dully expreſs'd. And, now dear Mr. *Savile*, forgive me, if I do not wind up my ſelf with an handſom Period.

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

THAT Night I receiv'd by Yours the ſurprizing Account of my Lady *Dutcheſs*'s more than ordinary Indignation againſt me, I was newly brought in dead of a Fall from my Horſe, of which I ſtill remain Bruis'd and Bed-rid, and can now ſcarce think it a Happineſs that I ſav'd my Neck. What ill *Star* reigns over me, that I'm ſtill mark'd out for *Ingratitude*, and only us'd barbarouſly to thoſe I am oblig'd to! Had I been troubleſom to her in pinning the Dependance of my *Fortune* upon her Solicitations to the *King*, or her Unmerited Recommendations of me to ſome Great Man, it would not have mov'd my Wonder much, if ſhe had ſought any Occaſion to be rid of a uſeleſs Trouble: But, a Creature, who had already receiv'd of her all the Obligations he ever could pretend to, except the continuance

of

of her good Opinion, for the which he reſolv'd, and did direct every ſtep of his Life in Duty and Service to her, and all who were concern'd in her; why ſhould ſhe take the Advantage of a falſe idle Story, to hate ſuch a Man; as if it were an Inconveniency to her to be harmleſs, or a Pain to continue juſt? By that *God* that made me, I have no more offended her in Thought, Word, or Deed, no more imagin'd or utter'd the leaſt Thought to her Contempt or Prejudice, than I have plotted *Treaſon*, conceal'd Arms, Train'd Regiments for a *Rebellion*. If there be upon *Earth* a Man of *Common Honeſty*, who will juſtifie a Tittle of her Accuſation, I am contented never to ſee her. After this, ſhe need not forbid me to come to her, I have little Pride or Pleaſure in ſhewing my ſelf where I am accus'd of a Meanneſs I were not capable of, even for her Service, which would prove a ſhrewder Tryal of my *Honeſty*, than any Ambition I ever had to make my Court to. I thought the Dutcheſs of *P*——— more an Angel than I find her a Woman; and as this is the firſt, it ſhall be the moſt malicious thing I will ever ſay of her. For her generous Reſolution of not hurt-

ing

ing me to the *King*, I thank her; but she must think a Man much oblig'd, after the calling of him Knave, to say she will do him no farther Prejudice. For the Countess of *P*——, whatever she has heard me say, or any body else, of her, I'll stand the *Test* of any Impartial Judge, 'twas neither injurious nor unmannerly; and how severe soever she pleases to be, I have always been her humble Servant, and will continue so. I do not know how to assure my self the D. will spare me to the *King*, who would not to you; I'm sure she can't say I ever injur'd you to her; nor am I at all afraid she can hurt me with you; I dare swear you don't think I have dealt so indiscreetly in my Service to her, as to doubt me in the Friendship I profess to you. And, to shew you I rely upon yours, let me beg of you to talk once more with her, and desire her to give me the fair hearing she wou'd afford any Footman of hers, who had been complain'd of to her by a less-worthy Creature, (for such a one, I assure my self, my Accuser is) unless it be for her Service, to wrong the most faithful of her Servants; and then I shall be proud of mine. I would not be

run

run down by a Company of Rogues, and this looks like an Endeavour towards it: Therefore, Dear *Harry*, send me word, how I am with other Folks; if you visit my Lord Treasurer, name the Calamity of this matter to him, and tell me sincerely how he takes it: and, if you hear the *King* mention me, do the Office of a Friend, to

Your humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

Dear SAVILE,

THE Lowsineſs of Affairs in this Place, is ſuch (forgive the unmannerly Phraſe! Expreſſions muſt deſcend to the Nature of things expreſs'd) 'tis not fit to entertain a private Gentleman, much leſs one of a publick Character with the Retail of them; the general Heads, under which this whole Iſland may be conſider'd, are Spies, Beggars and Rebels, the Tranſpoſitions and mixtures of theſe, make an agreeable Variety; Buſie *Fools*, and Cautious *Knaves* are bred out of them, and ſet off wonderfully; tho' of this latter ſort, we have fewer now than ever, *Hypocriſie* being the only Vice in decay amongſt us, few Men here diſſemble their being Raſcals; and no Woman diſowns being a Whore. Mr. *O*—— was try'd two Days ago for *Buggery*, and clear'd: The next Day he brought his

his Action to the *Kings-Bench*, against his Accuser, being attended by the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and other Peers, to the number of Seven, for the Honour of the *Protestant Cause*. I have sent you herewith a Libel, in which my own share is not the least; the *King* having perus'd it, is no ways dissatisfied with his: The Author is apparent Mr.———, his Patron my L.———— having a Panegyrick in the midst; upon which happen'd a handsom Quarrel between his L———, and Mrs. *B*—— at the Dutchess of *P*——; she call'd him, The Heroe of the Libel, and complimented him upon having made more Cuckolds, than any Man alive; to which he answer'd, She very well knew one he never made, nor never car'd to be imploy'd in making.——— Rogue and Bitch ensued, till the *King*, taking his Grand-father's Character upon him, became the Peace-maker. I will not trouble you any longer, but beg you still to Love

Your faithful, humble Servant,

ROCHESTER.

TO

TO THE

Honourable HENRY SAVILE.

HARRY,

YOU are the *Only* Man of *England*, that keep *Wit* with your *Wiſdom*; and I am happy in a *Friend* that excels in both; were your *Good-nature* the leaſt of your *Good Qualities*, I durſt not preſume upon it, as I have done; but I know you are ſo ſincerely concern'd in ſerving your Friends truly, that I need not make an *Apology* for the trouble I have given you in this Affair.

I daily expect more conſiderable Effects of your Friendſhip, and have the *Vanity* to think, I ſhall be the better for your growing poorer.

In the mean time, when you pleaſe to diſtinguiſh from *Proſers* and *Windham*, and comply with *Roſers* and *Bull*,

not forgetting *John Stevens*, you ſhall find me

Your moſt Ready

and moſt Obedient Servant,

ROCHESTER.

The End of the late Earl of Rocheſter's *Letters.*

THE

THE
E. of L——'s *LETTER*

To the Honourable

ALGERNOON SIDNEY.

DIſuſe of Writing has made it uneaſie to me, Age makes it hard, and the Weakneſs of Sight and Hand, makes it almoſt impoſſible. This may excuſe me to *Every-body*, and particularly to *You*, who have not invited me much unto it, but rather have given me cauſe to think, that you were willing to ſave me the labour of Writing, and your ſelf the trouble of Reading my Letters: For, after you had left me ſick, ſolitary and ſad, at *Penſhurſt*, and that you had reſolved to undertake the Employment wherein you have lately been, you neither came to give me a *Farewel*, nor did ſo much as ſend one to me, but only writ a wrangling Letter or two concern-

ing Mony, and *Hoskins*, and Sir *Robert Honywood*'s Horſe; and tho' both before and after your going out of *England*, you writ to divers other Perſons, the firſt Letter that I received from you, was dated, as I remember, the *13th* of *September*; the ſecond in *November*, wherein you take notice of your Mother's Death; and if there were one more, that was all, until Mr. *Sterry* came, who made ſuch haſte from *Penſhurſt*, that coming very late at Night, he would not ſtay to Dine the next Day, nor to give me time to *Write*. It is true, that ſince the Change of Affairs here, and of your Condition there, your Letters have been more frequent; and if I had not thought my Silence better both for you and my ſelf, I would have written more than once or twice unto you; but tho', for ſome Reaſons, I did forbear, I failed not to deſire others to write unto you, and with their *own*, to convey the beſt Advice that my little Intelligence, and weak Judgment could afford; particularly not to expect *New Authorities nor Orders from hence, not to ſtay in any of the places of your Negotiation, not to come into* England, *much leſs to expect a Ship to be ſent for you;*

or

or to think, that an Account was, or wou'd be expected of you here, unleſs it were of *Matters very different from your Tranſactions there; that it wou'd be beſt for you preſently to diveſt your ſelf of the Character of a* Publick Miniſter, *to diſmiſs all your Train, and to retire into ſome ſafe place, not very near, nor very far from* England, *that you might hear from your Friends ſometimes.* And for this I advis'd *Hamburgh,* where I hear you are, by your Man *Powel,* or by them that have receiv'd Letters from you, with Preſents of Wine and Fiſh, which I do not reproach nor envy.

Your laſt Letter to me had no Date of Time or Place; but by another at the ſame time to Sir *John Temple,* of the 28*th* of *July,* as I remember, ſent by Mr. *Miſſonden,* I gueſs that mine was of the ſame Date: By thoſe that I have had, I perceive that you have been miſadvertiz'd; for tho' I met with no Effects, nor Marks of Diſpleaſure, yet I find no ſuch Tokens or Fruits of *Favour,* as may give me either *Power* or *Credit* for thoſe *Undertakings* and *Good Offices,* which, perhaps you expect of me.

And now I am again upon the Point of retiring to my poor Habitation, having for my ſelf no other Deſign, than to paſs the ſmall remainder of my Days innocently and quietly; and if it pleaſe *GOD*, to be gathered in Peace to my Fathers. And concerning you, what to reſolve in my ſelf, or what to adviſe you, truly I know not: For you muſt give me leave to remember of how little Weight my Opinions and Counſels have been with you, and how unkindly and unfriendly you have rejected thoſe Exhortations and Admonitions, which in much Affection and Kindneſs I have given you upon many Occaſions, and in almoſt every thing, from the higheſt to the loweſt, that hath concern'd you; and this you may think ſufficient to diſcourage me from putting my Advices into the like Danger: Yet, ſomewhat I will ſay: And, Firſt, I think it unfit, and (perhaps) as yet, unſafe for you to come into *England*; for, I believe, *Powel* hath told you, that he heard, when he was here; *That you were likely to be excepted out of the General Act of Pardon and Oblivion:* And tho' I know not what you have done, or ſaid here or there, yet I have ſeveral ways heard,

heard, That there is as ill an Opinion of you, as of any, even of thoſe that condemned the late *King:* And when I thought there was no other Exception to you, than your being of the other Party, I ſpoke to the General in your behalf, who told me, That very ill Offices had been done you, but he would aſſiſt you as much as juſtly he could; and I intended then alſo to ſpeak to Somebody elſe; you may gueſs whom I mean: But ſince that, I have heard ſuch things of you, that in the doubtfulneſs only of their being true, no Man will open his Mouth for you. I will tell you ſome Paſſages, and you ſhall do well to clear your ſelf of them. It is ſaid, That the Univerſity of *Copenhagen* brought their *Album* unto you, deſiring you to write ſomething therein, and that you did *ſcribere in albo* theſe Words,

Manus hæc inimica Tyrannis,
Enſe petit placida cum Libertate quietem:

And put your Name to it. This cannot chuſe but be publickly known, if it be true. It is ſaid alſo, That a *Miniſter*,

who hath married a Lady *Laurence* here of *Chelsey*, but now dwelling at *Copenhagen*, being there in Company with you, said, I think you were none of the late *King's* Judges, nor guilty of his Death, meaning our *King*. *Guilty!* said you; *Do you call that Guilt? Why, 'twas the justest and bravest Action that ever was done in* England, *or any where else*; with other Words to the same effect. It is said also, That you having heard of a Design to seize upon you, or to cause you to be taken Prisoner, you took notice of it to the *King* of *Denmark* himself, and said, *I hear there is a Design to seize upon me: But who is it that hath that Design?* Estce nostre Bandit. By which you are understood to mean the *King*.

Besides this, it is reported, That you have been heard to say many scornful and contemptuous things of the *King's* Person and Family; which unless you can justifie your self, will hardly be forgiven or forgotten: For, such Personal Offences make deeper Impressions than Publick Actions either of *War* or *Treaty*. Here is a *Resident*, as he calls himself, of the *King* of *Denmark*, whose Name (as I hear)

hear) is *Pedcombe*; he hath visited me, and offered his readiness to give you any Assistance in his Power or Credit with the Embassadour, Mr. *Alfield*, who was then expected, and is now arrived here, and hath had his first Audience. I have not seen Mr. *Pedcombe* since; but, within a few Days, I will put him in Mind of his Profession of *Friendship* to you, and try what he can or will do. Sir *Robert Honywood* is also come hither; and, as I hear, the *King* is graciously pleased to admit him to his Presence, which will be somewhat the better for you, because then the Exceptions against your Employment and Negotiation, wherein you were Colleague, will be remov'd, and you will have no more to answer for, than your own particular Behaviour. I believe Sir *Robert Honywood* will be industrious enough to procure Satisfaction to the *Merchants* in the Business of *Mony*, wherein he will have the Assistance of Sir *John Temple*; to whom I refer you, for that, and some other things.

I have little to say to your Complaints of your Sister *Strayford*'s unequal Returns to your Affection and Kindness, but

but that I am ſorry for it, and that you are well enough ſerv'd, for beſtowing ſo much of your Care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due, and I hope you will be wiſer hereafter. She and her Husband have not yet paid the Thouſand Pounds, whereof you are to have your part, by my Gift; for ſo, I think, you are to underſtand it, tho' your Mother deſired it; and if for the Payment thereof, your being in *England*, or in ſome Place not far off, be neceſſary, as ſome pretend, for the Sealing of ſome Writings, I think that, and other Reaſons, ſufficient to perſwade you to ſtay a while where you are, that you may hear frequently from your Friends, and they from you. I am wholly againſt your going into *Italy* as yet, till more may be known of your Condition; which, for the preſent, is hard; and, I confeſs, that I do not yet ſee any more than this, that either you muſt live in Exile, or very privately here; and (perhaps) not ſafely; for tho' the Bill of *Indemnity* be lately paſſed, yet if there be any particular and great Diſpleaſure againſt you, as I fear there is, you may feel the Effects thereof from the *Higher Powers*, and receive

Af-

Affronts from the Inferiour: Therefore you were beſt to ſtay at *Hamburgh*, which, for a Northern Scituation, is a good place, and healthful. I will help you as much as I can in diſcovering and informing you of what concerns you; tho', as I began, ſo I muſt end, with telling you, That Writing is now grown troubleſome to

Your Affectionate

London, Aug. 30. 1660.

Le-----

The Honourable

Algernoon Sidney's

LETTER,

Againſt

BRIBERY,

AND

ARBITRARY GOVERNMENT.

Written to his Friends, in Anſwer to Theirs, perſwading his Return to England.

SIR,

I Am ſorry I cannot in all things conform my ſelf to the Advices of my Friends; if theirs had any joint-concernment with mine, I would willingly ſubmit my Intereſt to theirs; but when

when I alone am intereſted, and they only adviſe me to come over as ſoon as the *Act of Indemnity* is paſs'd, becauſe they think it is beſt for me, I cannot wholly lay aſide my own Judgment and Choice. I confeſs, we are naturally inclin'd to delight in our own Country, and I have a particular Love to mine; I hope I have given ſome Teſtimony of it; I think that being exil'd from it is a great Evil, and would redeem my ſelf from it with the loſs of a great deal of my Blood: But when that Country of mine, which us'd to be eſteem'd a Paradiſe, is now like to be made a Stage of Injury, the Liberty which we hoped to eſtabliſh oppreſs'd, all manner of Prophaneneſs, Looſeneſs, Luxury, and Lewdneſs ſet up in its heighth; inſtead of Piety, Virtue, Sobriety, and Modeſty, which we hoped *GOD*, by our Hands, would have introduc'd; the Beſt of our Nation made a Prey to the Worſt; the *Parliament*, Court, and Army corrupted, the People enſlav'd, all things Vendible, and no Man ſafe, but by ſuch evil and infamous means as Flattery and Bribery; what Joy can I have in my own Country in this Condition? Is it a Pleaſure

to

to ſee all that I love in the World, ſold and deſtroy'd? Shall I renounce all my old Principles, learn the vile Court-arts, and make my Peace by bribing ſome of them? Shall their Corruption and Vice be my Safety? Ah! no; better is a Life among Strangers, than in my own Country upon ſuch Conditions. Whil'ſt I live I will endeavour to preſerve my Liberty; or, at leaſt, not conſent to the deſtroying of it. I hope I ſhall die in the ſame Principle in which I have lived, and will live no longer than they can preſerve me. I have in my Life been guilty of many Follies, but, as I think of no meanneſs, I will not blot and defile that which is paſt, by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my Mind, that when *God* ſhould caſt me into ſuch a Condition, as that I cannot ſave my Life, but by doing an indecent thing, He ſhews me the time is come wherein I ſhould reſign it. And when I cannot live in my own Country, but by ſuch means as are worſe than dying in it, I think He ſhews me, I ought to keep my ſelf out of it. Let them pleaſe themſelves with *making the King glorious*, who think a *Whole People* may juſtly be ſacri-

ſacrific'd for the Intereſt and Pleaſure of *One Man*, and *a few of his Followers*: Let them rejoyce in their Subtilty, who by betraying the former Powers, have gain'd the Favour of this, not only preſerv'd, but advanc'd themſelves in theſe dangerous Changes. Nevertheleſs (perhaps) they may find the *King*'s Glory is their Shame, his Plenty the Peoples Miſery; and that the gaining of an Office, or a little Mony, is a poor Reward for deſtroying a Nation! (which if it were preſerv'd in Liberty and Vertue, would truly be the moſt glorious in the World) and that others may find they have, with much Pains, purchas'd their own Shame and Miſery, a dear Price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the Life that is accompanied with it: the Honour of *Engliſh Parliaments* have ever been in making the Nation Glorious and Happy, not in ſelling and deſtroying the Intereſt of it, to ſatifie the Luſts of one Man. Miſerable Nation! that, from ſo great a heighth of Glory, is fallen into the moſt deſpicable Condition in the World, of having all its Good depending upon the Breath and Will of the vileſt Perſons in it! cheated and ſold by them they truſted!

ed! Infamous Traffick, equal almoſt in Guilt to that of *Judas!* In all preceding Ages, *Parliaments* have been the Pillars of our Liberty, the ſure Defenders of the Oppreſſed: They, who formerly could bridle *Kings*, and keep the Ballance equal between them and the People, are now become the Inſtruments of all our Oppreſſions, and a Sword in his Hand to deſtroy us: They themſelves, led by a few intereſted Perſons, who are willing to buy Offices for themſelves by the Miſery of the whole Nation, and the Blood of the moſt Worthy and Eminent Perſons in it. Deteſtable Bribes, worſe than the Oaths now in faſhion in this Mercenary Court! I mean to owe neither my Life nor Liberty to any ſuch Means; when the innocence of my Actions will not protect me, I will ſtay away till the Storm be overpaſs'd. In ſhort, where *Vane*, *Lambert* and *Haſlerigg* cannot live in Safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in *England*, I ſhould have expected a Lodging with them: or, tho' they may be the firſt, as being more eminent than I, I muſt expect to follow their Example, in Suffering, as I have been their Companion in Acting. I am moſt in Amaze at the miſta-

miſtaken Informations that were ſent to me by my Friends, full of Expectations, of Favours, and Employments. Who can think, that they, who impriſon them, would employ me, or ſuffer me to live; when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employ'd, can it be expected that I ſhould ſerve a *Government* that ſeeks ſuch deteſtable Ways of Eſtabliſhing it ſelf? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own *Peace*, by perſecuting and betraying my *Brethren*, more innocent and worthy than my ſelf. I muſt live by juſt Means, and ſerve to juſt Ends, or not at all, after ſuch a Manifeſtation of the Ways by which it is intended the *King* ſhall govern. I ſhould have renounced any Place of Favour into which the *Kindneſs* and *Induſtry* of my *Friends* might have advanc'd me, when I found thoſe that were better than I, were only fit to be deſtroy'd. I had formerly ſome *Jealouſies*, the fraudulent *Proclamation* for *Indemnity*, increaſed the *Impriſonment* of thoſe three *Men*; and turning out of all the *Officers* of the *Army*, contrary to *Promiſe*, confirm'd me in my *Reſolutions*, not to return.

To conclude: The *Tide* is not to be diverted, nor the *Oppreſs'd* deliver'd; but *God*, in his time, will have *Mercy* on His *People*; he will ſave and defend them, and avenge the *Blood* of thoſe who ſhall now periſh, upon the Heads of thoſe, who, in their *Pride*, think nothing is able to oppoſe them. Happy are thoſe whom *God* ſhall make *Inſtruments* of his *Juſtice* in ſo Bleſſed a *Work*. If I can live to ſee that *Day*, I ſhall be ripe for the *Grave*, and able to ſay with Joy, *Lord! now letteſt thou thy Servant depart in Peace*, &c. [So Sir *Arthur Haſlerigg* on *Oliver's* Death.] Farewel my Thoughts, as to *King* and *State*, depending upon their Actions. No Man ſhall be a more faithful *Servant* to him than I, if he make the *Good* and *Proſperity* of his *People* his *Glory*; none more his *Enemy*, if he doth the contrary. To my particular *Friends* I ſhall be conſtant in all Occaſions, and to You

A moſt affectionate Servant,

A. SIDNEY.

To

To Madam——

I Have News to tell You: You got a new Subject Yesterday; tho', after all, (perhaps) it is no more News to You, than it would be to the *Grand Seignior*, or the *French King*: For You (*Madam*) either find or make Subjects where-ever You go. It is impossible to see You, without surrendring one's Heart to You; and he that hears You talk, and can still preserve his Liberty, may (for ought I know) revive the Miracle of the *Three Children* in *Daniel*, and call for a *Chamlet* Cloak to keep him warm in the midst of a *Fiery Furnace*. But really (*Madam*) I am none of those *Miracle-mongers*; I am true *Flesh* and *Blood*, like the rest of my *Sex*; and, as I make no Scruple to own my *Passion* to You, so You (*Madam*) without incurring the Danger of being question'd by the *Parliament*, may pretend to all the *Rights* and *Priviledges* of a Conqueror. My Comfort is, that all Mankind, sooner or

later, muſt wear your Chains; for You have *Beauty* enough to engage the niceſt Heart, tho' You had no Wit to ſet it off: And You have ſo plentiful a ſhare of the laſt, that were You wholly deſtitute of the former, as I have already found to my Coſt, You have but too much, You could not fail of harming the moſt Inſenſible. For my own part, I confeſs my ſelf an *Admirer*, or, if You pleaſe, an *Adorer* of Your *Beauty*: But I am a Slave, a meer downright effectual Slave to Your Wit. Your very *Converſation* is infinitely more delicious than the *Fruition* of any other Woman.

Thus, my Charming Sovereign, I here profeſs my ſelf Your devoted *Vaſſal* and *Subject*. I promiſe You eternal *Duty* and *Allegiance*: It is neither in my Power nor Will to depoſe You; and I am ſure it is not in Your Nature to affect *Arbitrary* Sway. Tho' if you do, *(Madam) God* knows, I am a true Church of *England-man*; I ſhall never rebel againſt you in Act or Thought, but only have recourſe to Prayers and Tears, and ſtill ſtick to my *Paſſive Obedience*. Perhaps, *Madam*, you'll tell me, I have talked more

more than comes to my ſhare; but being *Incognito*, I aſſume the Liberty of a *Maſquerader*; and, under that Protection, think my ſelf ſafe. But, alas, did You know how I languiſh for You, I dare ſwear (my Charming *Sylvia!*) You would beſtow ſome Pity upon

AMYNTAS.

To Madam——

I Have never had the Happineſs of Your converſation but once, and then I found You ſo very charming, that I have wore Your lovely *Idea* ever ſince in my Mind. But it is not without the leaſt Aſtoniſhment, that I receiv'd the News of what befel You t'other Day; it ſtill makes me tremble, and leaves a diſmal Impreſſion behind it, not eaſie to be imagin'd. For Heaven's ſake, *Madam*, what could urge You to ſo cruel a Reſolution, that might have prov'd irreparably fatal to Your ſelf, and matter of perpetual Affliction to Your *Friends*? What Harm have I, and a Thouſand more of Your Adorers done You, that You ſhould ſo terribly revenge the ſuppoſed Infidelity of another upon them? Or, Why ſhould You, whom *Beauty* and *Wit* have put in a Capacity to ſubdue our whole *Sex*, lay to Heart the *Unkindneſs* of one *Lover*, who may proceed to a new *Election* when You pleaſe? If I had *Vanity* enough

enough to aſpire to be Your *Privy-Counſellor*, I wou'd e'en adviſe You to bury the Remembrance of what is paſt, and either to puniſh all Mankind, as You eaſily may, tho' I need not inſtruct You how; or elſe to chuſe ſome happy *Favourite* out of the *Throng* of Your *Servants*, and ſhower Your *Favours* upon him. If *Sincerity* and *Truth* may bid for the Purchaſe of Your *Heart*, I can help You to one that thoroughly underſtands Your *Worth*, and accordingly values it; that would be damn'd before he would abandon You for the greateſt *Princeſs* in the *Univerſe*; that would chearfully die for Your ſake, and yet only lives out of Hopes, that he may one Day merit Your *Eſteem* by his *Services*. I fancy, *Madam*, You now demand of me, where this ſtrange Monſter of *Fidelity* is to be found? Know then, that he lives within leſs than a hundred Miles of *Red-Lyon-Square*; and that his Name is, (Oh! pardon the Inſolence of this *Diſcovery*) his Name is

AMYNTAS.

There is another Letter that accompanies this, and was written a Week ago; which I had not Courage enough to lay at Your Feet till now.

LOVE.

LOVE-LETTERS,

BY

Mr. THOMAS OTWAY.

To Madam——

My TYRANT!

I Endure too much Torment to be silent, and have endur'd it too long not to make the severest Complaint. I love You, I dote on You; *Desire* makes me mad, when I am near You; and *Despair*, when I am from You. Sure, of all Miseries, *Love* is to me the most intolerable: it haunts me in my *Sleep*, perplexes me when waking; every melancholly Thought makes my *Fears* more powerful; and every delightful one makes my *Wishes* more unruly. In all other uneasy *Chances* of a Man's Life, there is an immediate

mediate *Recourſe* to ſome kind of *Succour* or another: In *Wants*, we apply our ſelves to our *Friends*; in *Sickneſs*, to *Phyſicians*: but *Love*, the Sum, the Total of all *Misfortunes*, muſt be endur'd with *Silence*; no *Friend* ſo dear to truſt with ſuch a *Secret*, nor *Remedy* in *Art* ſo powerful, to remove its *Anguiſh*. Since the firſt Day I ſaw You, I have hardly enjoy'd one *Hour* of perfect *Quiet*: I lov'd You early; and no ſooner had I beheld that ſoft bewitching *Face* of Yours, but I felt in my *Heart* the very Foundation of all my *Peace* give way: But when You became anothers, I muſt confeſs, that I did then rebel, had fooliſh *Pride* enough to promiſe my ſelf, I would in time recover my *Liberty*: In ſpight of my enſlav'd *Nature*, I ſwore againſt my ſelf, I would not love You: I affected a Reſentment, ſtifled my *Spirit*, and would not let it bend, ſo much as once to upbraid You, each Day it was my chance to ſee or to be near You: With ſtubborn *Sufferance*, I reſolv'd to bear, and brave your *Power*: nay, did it often too, ſucceſsfully. Generally with *Wine*, or *Converſation* I diverted or appeas'd the *Dæmon* that poſſeſs'd me; but when at Night,

re-

returning to my unhappy Self, to give my *Heart* an Account why I had done it so unnatural a *Violence*, it was then I always paid a treble *Interest* for the short Moments of *Ease*, which I had borrow'd; then every treacherous Thought rose up, and took Your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my Bed, and open'd those *Sluces* of Tears, that were to run till *Morning*. This has been for some Years my best *Condition*: Nay, *Time* it self, that decays all things else, has but encreas'd, and added to my Longings. I tell it You, and charge You to believe it, as You are generous, (which sure You must be, for every thing, except Your Neglect of me, perswades me that You are so) even at this time, tho' other Arms have held You, and so long trespass'd on those dear Joys that only were my Due; I love You with that Tenderness of Spirit, that Purity of Truth, and that Sincerity of Heart, that I could sacrifice the neareſt *Friends*, or *Interests* I have on *Earth*, barely but to please You: If I had all the *World*, it should be Yours; for with it I could be but miserable, if You were not mine. I appeal to Your self for *Justice*, if through the whole Actions

ons of my Life, I have done any one thing that might not let You see how absolute your *Authority* was over me. Your *Commands* have been always sacred to me; Your *Smiles* have always transported me, and Your *Frowns* aw'd me. In short, You will quickly become to me the greatest *Blessing*, or the greatest *Curse*, that ever Man was doom'd to. I cannot so much as look on You without *Confusion*; *Wishes* and *Fears* rise up in war within me, and work a curs'd *Distraction* through my Soul, that must, I am sure, in time have wretched *Consequences*: You only can, with that *Healing-Cordial*, *Love*, asswage and calm my *Torments*; pity the Man then that would be proud to die for You, and cannot live without You, and allow him thus far to boast too, that (take out *Fortune* from the Ballance) You never were belov'd or courted by a Creature that had a nobler or juster Pretence to Your *Heart*, than the Unfortunate, and (even at this time) Weeping

OTWAY.

To Madam———

IN Value of Your *Quiet*, tho' it would be the utter *Ruine* of my own, I have endeavoured this Day to perſwade my ſelf never more to trouble you with a Paſſion that has tormented me ſufficiently already, and is ſo much the more a Torment to me, in that I perceive it is become one to You, who are much dearer to me than my ſelf. I have laid all the Reaſons my diſtracted Condition would let me have recourſe to, before me: I have conſulted my *Pride*, whether after a *Rival*'s Poſſeſſion, I ought to ruine all my *Peace* for a *Woman* that another has been more bleſt in, tho' no Man ever loved as I did: But *Love*, Victorious *Love!* o'erthrows all that, and tells me, it is his Nature never to remember; he ſtill looks forward from the preſent Hour, expecting ſtill new *Dawns*, new riſing *Happineſs*, never looks back, never regards what is paſt, and left behind him, but buries and forgets it quite in the hot fierce purſuit of *Joy* before him: I have con-

conſulted too my very ſelf, and find how careleſs *Nature* was in framing me; ſeaſoned me haſtily with all the moſt violent Inclinations and Deſires, but omitted the *Ornaments* that ſhould make thoſe *Qualities* become me: I have conſulted too my Lot of *Fortune*, and find how fooliſhly I wiſh Poſſeſſion of what is ſo precious, all the World's too cheap for it; yet ſtill I love, ſtill I dote on, and cheat my ſelf, very content, becauſe the Folly pleaſes me. It is Pleaſure to think how Fair you are, tho' at the ſame time worſe than Damnation, to think how Cruel: Why ſhould you tell me you have ſhut your Heart up for ever? It is an Argument unworthy of your ſelf, ſounds like *Reſerve*, and not ſo much *Sincerity*, as ſure I may claim even from a little of your Friendſhip. Can your Age, your Face, your Eyes, and your Spirit bid defiance to that ſweet Power? No, you know better to what end *Heaven* made you, know better how to manage Youth and Pleaſure, then to let them die and pall upon your Hands. 'Tis me, 'tis only me you have barr'd your Heart againſt. My Sufferings, my Diligence, my Sighs, Complaints, and Tears are of no power with

with your haughty Nature; yet ſure you might at leaſt vouchſafe to pity them, not ſhift me off with groſs, thick, homeſpun *Friendſhip*, the common *Coin* that paſſes betwixt Worldly *Intereſts*: muſt that be my *Lot!* Take it Ill-natur'd, take it; give it to him who would waſte his *Fortune* for you; give it the Man would fill your Lap with Gold; court you with Offers of vaſt rich Poſſeſſions; give it the Fool that hath nothing but his *Money* to plead for him: *Love* will have a much nearer *Relation*, or none. I ask for *Glorious Happineſs*; you bid me Welcome to your *Friendſhip*, it is like ſeating me at your Side-table, when I have the beſt Pretence to your Right-hand at the Feaſt. I Love, I Doat, I am Mad, and know no meaſure; nothing but Extreams can give me eaſe; the kindeſt *Love*, or moſt provoking *Storn*: Yet even your *Storn* would not perform the Cure, it might indeed take off the edge of *Hope*, but damn'd *Deſpair* will gnaw my *Heart* for ever. If then I am not odious to your Eyes, if you have *Charity* enough to value the *Well-being* of a Man that holds you dearer than you can the Child your Bowels are moſt fond of, by that

ſweet

ſweet *Pledge* of your firſt ſofteſt *Love*, I charm and here conjure you to pity the diſtracting *Pangs* of mine; pity my unquiet *Days*, and reſtleſs *Nights*; pity the *Frenzy* that has half poſſeſt my *Brain* already, and makes me write to you thus ravingly: The *Wretch* in *Bedlam* is more at peace than I am! And if I muſt never poſſeſs the *Heaven* I wiſh for, my next deſire is, (and the ſooner the better) a clean-ſwept Cell, a merciful Keeper, and your Compaſſion, when you find me there.

Think and be Generous.

To

To Madam——.

SInce you are going to quit the World, I think my ſelf oblig'd, as a Member of that World, to uſe the beſt of my Endeavours to divert you from ſo ill-natur'd an Inclination: Therefore, by reaſon your Viſits will take up ſo much of this Day, I have debarr'd my ſelf the opportunity of waiting on you this afternoon, that I may take a time you are more Miſtreſs of, and when you ſhall have more leiſure to hear, if it be poſſible for any Arguments of mine to take place in a Heart, I am afraid too much harden'd againſt me: I muſt confeſs it may look a little extraordinary, for one under my Circumſtances, to endeavour the Confirming your good Opinion of the World, when it had been much better for me, one of us had never ſeen it: For *Nature* diſpoſed me from my *Creation* to *Love*, and my *Ill Fortune* has condemn'd me to *Doat* on one, who certainly could never have been *deaf* ſo long to ſo faithful a Paſſion, had *Nature* diſpoſed her from her

Creation to hate any thing but me. I beg you to forgive this Trifling, for I have so many Thoughts of this nature, that 'tis impossible for me to take Pen and Ink in my Hand, and keep 'em quiet, especially when I have the least pretence to let you know, you are the cause of the severest Disquiets that ever touch'd the Heart of

OTWAY.

To

To Madam——

COuld I ſee you without Paſſion, or be abſent from you without Pain, I need not beg your Pardon for this Renewing my Vows, that I love you more than *Health*, or any *Happineſs* here, or hereafter. Every thing you do is a new Charm to me; and tho' I have languiſh'd for ſeven long tedious Years of Deſire, jealouſly and deſpairing; yet every Minute I ſee you, I ſtill diſcover ſomething new and more bewitching. Conſider how I love you; what would not renounce, or enterprize for you? I muſt have you mine, or I am miſerable; and nothing but knowing which ſhall be the happy Hour, can make the reſt of my Life that are to come tolerable. Give me a word or two of *Comfort*, or reſolve never to look with common *Goodneſs* on me more, for I cannot bear a kind Look, and after it a cruel Denial. This Minute my Heart akes for You: and, if I cannot

have a Right in Yours, I wish it would ake till I could complain to You no longer.

Remember Poor OTWAY.

To

To Madam———

YOU cannot but be ſenſible, that I am blind, or You would not ſo openly diſcover what a ridiculous Tool You make of me. I ſhould be glad to diſcover whoſe ſatisfaction I was ſacrific'd to this Morning; for I am ſure Your own *Ill-Nature* could not be guilty of inventing ſuch an *Injury* to me, meerly to try how much I could bear, were it not for the ſake of ſome *Aſs*, that has the Fortune to pleaſe You: In ſhort, I have made it the Buſineſs of my Life, to do You Service, and pleaſe You, if poſſible, by any way to convince You of the unhappy *Love* I have for ſeven Years toil'd under; and Your whole Buſineſs is to pick ill-natur'd *Conjectures* out of my harmleſs *freedom* of *Converſation*, to vex and gall me with, as often as You are pleas'd to divert Your ſelf at the expence of my Quiet. Oh, thou *Tormentor!* Could I think it were *Jealouſie*, how ſhould I humble my ſelf to be juſtify'd;

but

I cannot bear the thought of being made a *Property* either of another Man's *Good Fortune*, or the *Vanity* of a Woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be Means found sometime or other, to let you know your *Mistaking*.

To

To Madam———

YOU were pleas'd to send me word you would meet me in the *Mall* this Evening, and give me further Satisfaction in the Matter you were so unkind to charge me with; I was there, but found you not; and therefore beg of you, as you ever would wish your self to be eased of the highest Torment it were possible for your Nature to be sensible of, to let me see you sometime to Morrow, and send me word, by this Bearer, where, and at what Hour, you will be so just, as either to acquit or condemn me; that I may, hereafter, for your sake, either bless all your bewitching *Sex*; or, as often as I henceforth think of you, curse Womankind for ever.

Mr.——*to Mr.* G——

Dear G——,

AS I hope to be ſav'd, and that's a bold word in a Morning, when our Conſciences, like Children, are always moſt uneaſie; when the Light of Nature flaſhes upon us with the Light of the Day, and makes way for the calm return of Thought, that eternal Foe to Quiet; but, I thank my Stars, I have ſhook that *Snake* out of my Boſom, and made Peace with that Domeſtick Enemy *Conſcience*, and ſo much the more dangerous by being ſo——

——But, as I was going to ſay, your Letter has put new Life into me, and reviv'd me from the Damp, that Solitude and bad Company has flung me into; 'tis as hard to find a Man of *Senſe* here, as a handſom Woman: A company of Country 'Squires round a Table, is like a company of Waiters round a dead Corps, they are always ridiculouſly ſober and grave, or, which is worſe, impertinently loud:—

Wine,

Monſ. *BOILEAU's*

LETTERS,

TRANSLATED

By THO. CHEEK, Eſq;

To the Duke DE VIVONE, *upon his Entrance into the Haven of* Meſſina.

My LORD,

KNow you not, that one of the ſureſt ways to hinder a Man from being pleaſant, is, to bid him be ſo: Since you forbad me being ſerious, I never found my ſelf ſo grave, and I ſpeak nothing now but Sentences. And, beſides, your laſt Action has ſomething in it ſo great, that truly it would go againſt my Conſcience to write to you of it other-

otherwiſe, than in the *Heroick* Style: However, I cannot reſolve, not to obey you, in all, that you command me; ſo that in the Humour that I find my ſelf, I am equally afraid to tire you with a ſerious Trifle, or to trouble you with an ill Piece of Wit.

In fine, my *Apollo* has aſſiſted my this Morning, and in the time that I thought the leaſt of it, made me find upon my Pillow, two Letters; which, for want of mine, may (perhaps) give you an agreeable Amuſement. They are dated from the *Elyſian* Fields; the one is from *Balzac*, and the other from *Voiture*, who being both charm'd with the Relation of your laſt Fight, write to you from the other World, to congratulate you. This is that from *Balzac*: You will eaſily know it be to his by his Style, which cannot expreſs things ſimply, nor deſcend from its heighth.

From

From the Elyſian *Fields*, June *the* 22*d.*

My LORD,

'THE Report of your Actions, re-'vives the Dead; it wakens 'thoſe, who have ſlept thoſe 'thirty Years, and were condemn'd to an 'eternal Sleep; it makes *Silence* it ſelf 'ſpeak The Brave! the Splendid! The 'Glorious Conqueſt that you have made 'over the Enemies of *France!* You have 'reſtored Bread to a City, which has been 'accuſtom'd to furniſh it to all others: 'You have nouriſh'd the Nurſing Mo-'ther of *Italy*; the thunder of that Fleet, 'which ſhut you up the *Avenues* of its 'Port, has done no more than barely ſa-'luted your Entrance; its Reſiſtance has 'detained you no longer, than an over 'civil reception: So far from hindring the 'Rapidity of your Courſe, it has not in-'terrupted the Order of your March; you 'have conſtrain'd, in their their Sight, 'the South, and North Winds to obey 'you, without chaſtizing the Sea, as

'*Xerxes*

'*Xerxes* did; you have taught it Diſci-
'pline; you have done yet more, you
'have made the *Spaniard* humble. After
'that, what may not one ſay of you? No,
'*Nature*, I ſay, *Nature*, when ſhe was
'young, and in the time that ſhe pro-
'duc'd *Alexanders* and *Cæſars*, has pro-
'duc'd nothing ſo great, as under the
'Reign of *Louis* the XIV; ſhe has given
'to the *French*, in her Declenſion, that
'which *Rome* could not obtain from her
'in her greateſt Maturity. She has made
'appear to the World, in your Age, both
'in Body and Soul, that perfect *Valour*
'which we have ſcarce ſeen the *Idea* of
'in *Romances*, and *Heroick Poems*. Beging
'the Pardon of one of your *Poets*——he
'had no reaſon to ſay, That beyond *Co-*
'*citus*, Merit is no more known: Yours,
'My LORD, is extoll'd here, by the
'common Voice, on both ſides of *Styx*.
'It makes a continual Remembrance of
'you, even in the Abodes of *Forgetful-*
'*neſs*: It finds zealous *Partizans* in the
'Country of *Indifference*. It puts *Acheron*
'into the Intereſts of the *Seine*. Nay
'more, there is no Shade amongſt us, ſo
'prepoſſeſt with the Principles of the
'*Portieus*, ſo hardned in the School of
Zeno,

'*Zeno*, ſo fortified againſt Joy and Grief, 'that does not hear your Praiſes with 'pleaſure, that does not clap his Hands, 'and cry, *A Miracle!* at the moment you 'are named; and is not ready to ſay with 'your *Malherbe*,

A la fin c'eſt trop de Silence,
En ſi beau ſuject de parler.

'As for me, My LORD, who know you 'a great deal better, I do nothing but 'meditate on you in my Repoſe; I fill 'my Thoughts intirely with your *Idea*, 'in the long Hours of our Leiſure, I cry 'continually, *How great a Man is this!* 'And if I wiſh to live again, 'tis not ſo 'much, to return to the Light, as to enjoy 'the ſovereign Felicity of your Conver-'ſation, and to tell you Face to Face, with 'how much Reſpect, I am from the whole 'extent of my Soul,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt humble,
and moſt obedient Servant.

BALZAC.

I Know not, My LORD, whether theſe violent *Exaggerations* will pleaſe you; and whether you will not find, that the Style of *Balzac* is a little corrupted in the other World; however it be, (in my Opinion) he never laviſh'd his *Hyperboles* more to the purpoſe; 'tis for you to judge of it: But firſt read, (if you pleaſe) the Letter from *Voiture.*

From

From the Elyſian *Fields,* June *the* 22*d.*

My LORD,

'THo' we poor *Devils*, who are 'dead, do not concern our ſelves 'much in the Affairs of the Liv-'ing, and are not exceedingly inclin'd to 'Mirth: Yet I cannot forbear rejoycing 'at the Great Things you do over our 'Heads. Seriouſly, your laſt Fight makes 'the Devil and all of a Noiſe here below; 'it has made it ſelf heard in a place, 'where the very *Thunder* of Heav'n is not 'heard; and has made your Glory known 'in a Country where even the *Sun* is not 'known. There are a great many *Spa-'niards* come hither, who were in the 'Action, and have inform'd us of the Par-'ticulars. I ſee no reaſon why the People 'of that Nation ſhou'd paſs for *Bullies*; 'for I can aſſure you they are very civil 'Perſons, and the *King* ſent 'em hither 't'other Day very mild and quiet. To 'tell you the truth, my LORD, you have

'manag'd your Affairs very well of late.
'To ſee with what ſpeed you fly o're the
'*Mediterranean-Sea*, wou'd make one
'think you abſolutely Maſter of it: There
'is not at preſent, in all its extent, one
'ſingle *Privateer* in ſafety, and, if you go
'on at this rate, I can't ſee how you'd
'have *Tunis* and *Algiers* ſubſiſt. We have
'here the *Caſars*, the *Pompeys*, and the
'*Alexanders*; they all agree, that you ex-
'actly follow their Conduct in your way
'of fighting; But *Cæſar* believes you to
'be ſuperlatively *Cæſar*. There are none
'here, ev'n to the *Alaricks*, the *Genſe-
'ricks*, the *Theodoricks*, and all the other
'Conquerors in *icks*, who don't ſpeak ve-
'ry well of this Action; and in *Hell* it
'ſelf (I know not whether you are ac-
'quainted with that Place) there is no
'*Devil*, my LORD, who does not con-
'feſs ingeniouſly, That at the head of
'an Army, you are a greater *Devil* than
'himſelf: This is a truth that your very
'Enemies agree in. But to ſee the good
'that you have done at *Meſſina*, for my
'part, I believe you are more like an *An-
'gel* than a *Devil*; only *Angels* have a
'more airy ſhape, and do not carry their
'Arms in a Scarf. Railery a-part, *Hell* is

'ex-

'extreamly byaſs'd in your Favour. 'There is but one thing to be objected to 'your Conduct, and that is the little 'Care, that you ſometimes take of your 'Life. You are ſo well belov'd in this 'Country, that they don't deſire your 'Company. Believe me, my LORD, 'I have already ſaid it in the other 'World, a *Demi-god*, is but a *very little 'thing* when he is dead; he's nothing like 'what he was, when he was alive. And 'as for me, who know already by expe-'rience, what it is *to be no more*, I ſet the 'beſt Face on the Matter I can; but to 'hide nothing from you, I die with *Im-'patience* to return to the World; were 'it only to have the *Pleaſure* to ſee you 'there; in purſuance of this intended 'Voyage, I have already ſent ſeveral 'times to find out the ſcatter'd Parts of 'my Body to ſet 'em together, but I could 'never recover my Heart, which I left at 'parting with thoſe ſeven Miſtreſſes, that 'I ſerv'd (as you know) ſo faithfully, the 'whole ſeven at once. As for my Wit, 'unleſs you have it, I am told, 'tis not to 'be found in the World. To tell you 'the truth, I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, that you 'have at leaſt the *Gaiety* of it: For I have

'been told here four or five Sayings of 'your Turn of *Expreſſion*, which I wiſh 'with all my Heart, I had ſaid; and for 'which I would willingly give the *Pane-'gyrick* of *Pliny*, and two of my beſt Let-'ters. Suppoſing then, that you have it, 'I beg you to ſend it me back as ſoon as 'poſſibly you can; for indeed you can't 'imagine how inconvenient it is, not to 'have all one's Wit about one, eſpecially 'when one writes to ſuch a Man as you 'are; this is the Cauſe that my Style, at 'preſent, is ſo alter'd: Were it not for 'that, you ſhou'd ſee me merry again, 'as formerly, with my Comrade *Le Bro-'chet*. And I ſhould not be reduc'd to the 'neceſſity of ending my Letter trivially, 'as I do in telling you, that I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble and Obedient Servant,

VOITURE.

Theſe

THeſe are the two Letters, juſt as I receiv'd 'em: I ſend them you writ in my own Hand, becauſe you would have had too much trouble to read the Characters of the other World, if I had ſent 'em you in the Original. Do not fancy, my LORD, that this is only a trial of Wit, and an imitation of the Style of theſe two Writers. You know very well, that *Balzac* and *Voiture* are inimitable. However, were it true, that I had recourſe to this Invention to divert you, ſhou'd I be ſo much in the wrong of it, or rather ought I not to be eſteem'd, for having found out this way to make you read the Praiſes, which you wou'd never have ſuffer'd other ways? In a word, cou'd I better make appear with what Sincerity, and with what Reſpect I am,

My LORD,

Yours, &c.

A

LETTER,

Writ by

Mr. DENNIS,

Sent with the following

SPEECH,

SIR,

I Have here ſent you inclos'd, what I promis'd you by the laſt Poſt, and I think my ſelf oblig'd to give you ſome account of it. In the late *Appendix* to the new *Obſervator*, I find the Author reaſonably complaining of the Corruption of Hiſtory by the *French*, and giving

a

a reasonable guess, how false the History of this Age (as far as it is writ by them) is like to come out in the next. And particularly what Monsieur *Pelisson*'s History of the present *King* of *France* is like to be, which is now writing by that *King*'s own Order. Monsieur *Boileau*, who writ the enclos'd, has at least as great a share in that History, as Monsieur *Pelisson:* And therefore you have in the enclos'd, in the which he has very artfully inserted a *Panegyrick* of his Prince, a Pattern of what his part of the History will be. For having flatter'd his Master in this small *Panegyrick*, we have all the reason in the World to believe, That he will flatter him too in his *History*. And that he has flatter'd him here, you will plainly find; not only by *Exaggerations*, which are in some measure to be allow'd to an *Orator*; but in affirming things which are directly contrary to the Truth. Such are those two remarkable Passages of the *French King*'s Offering *Peace* to the late *Confederacy*, for the general Good of *Christendom*, (which not so much as a *Frenchman*, who has Common-sense, believes) and of his Bombarding *Genoa*, only to be reveng'd of its *Insolency* and

of its *Perfidiouſneſs*, which every Man, who has heard the Story of Mr. *Valdryon*, muſt laugh at. Now ſince it is to be preſum'd, that Monſieur *Boileau* will flatter him in his *Hiſtory*, becauſe it is plain that he has flatter'd him in his *Panegyrick*; what are we to expect from Monſieur *Peliſſon*, whoſe Sincerity is by no means ſo much talk'd of as the other's? I thought to have concluded here: But it comes into my Mind to make two *Reflections* upon the *Panegyrical* part of the enclos'd. The firſt is this, That ſince Monſieur *Boileau*, who is in the main a Man of *Sincerity*, and a lover of Truth, could not but flatter *Lewis the Fourteenth*, when he commended him; we may conclude, that it is impoſſible to give him a general Commendation without Flattery. For, where a *Satyrick Poet* paints, what other Man muſt not daub? The ſecond *Reflection* is this, That ſince this *Panegyrick* is ſcarce to be ſupported, notwithſtanding the moſt admirable *Genius* of the Author, which ſhines throughout it; and an *Art* to which nothing can be added, (remember that I ſpeak of the *Original*) and beyond which nothing can be deſir'd; you may eaſily con-

conclude how extreamly fulſom the reſt of the *Panegyricks* upon *Lewis the Fourteenth* muſt needs be, whoſe Authors fall infinitely ſhort of *Boileau*'s, either *Genius*, *Art*, or *Vertue*.

THE

THE SPEECH OF Monſ. *BOILEAU*, Upon his Admiſſion into the French Academy.

Tranſlated by Mr. DENNIS.

GENTLEMEN,

THE Honour this Day conferr'd upon me, is ſomething ſo great, ſo extraordinary, ſo little expected; and ſo many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons ought to have for ever excluded me from it, that at this very Moment, in which I return my Acknowledgments, I am doubtful if I ought to be-

believe it. Is it then poſſible, can it be true, *Gentlemen*, that you have in effect judg'd me worthy to be admitted into this *Illuſtrious Society*, whoſe Famous Eſtabliſhment does no leſs honour to the Memory of *Cardinal Richlieu*, than all the reſt of the Numerous Wonders of his matchleſs Miniſtry? And what muſt be the thoughts of that Great Man? What muſt be the thoughts of that wiſe *Chancellour*, who after him enjoy'd the Dignity of your *Protectorſhip*; and after whom it was your Opinion, that none but your *King* had right to be your *Protector*? What muſt be their thoughts, *Gentlemen*, if they ſhould behold me this Day, becoming a Part of this *Glorious Body*, the Object of their eternal Care and Eſteem; and into which by the Laws, which they have eſtabliſh'd, by the Maxims which they have maintain'd, no one ought to be receiv'd, who is not of a ſpotleſs Merit, an extraordinary Wit, and comparable even to you? But farther, whom do I ſucceed in the Place, which you are pleas'd to afford me here? * Is it not a Man who is equally renown'd for his great Employments, and his profound Capacity?

* *Monſieur* De Beſons.

Is

Is it not a Magiſtrate, who fill'd one of the foremoſt Seats in the Council; and who, in ſo many Important Occaſions, has been Honoured by his *Prince*, with his ſtricteſt Confidence? A Magiſtrate no leſs Wiſe than Experienc'd, Watchful, Laborious; with whom the more I compare my ſelf, the leſs Proportion I find.

I know very well, *Gentlemen*, (and who can be ignorant of it) that in the Choice which you make of Men, who are proper to ſupply the Vacancies of your Learned Aſſembly, you have no regard either to Place or to Dignity: That Politeneſs, Learning, and an Acquaintance with all the more Genteel Arts, have always uſher'd in naked Merit to you, and that you do not believe it to be unbecoming of you, to ſubſtitute in the room of the higheſt Magiſtrate, of the moſt exalted Miniſter, ſome Famous *Poet*, or ſome Writer, whom his Works have render'd Illuſtrious, and who has very often no other Dignity, than that which his Deſert has given him upon *Parnaſſus*. But if you barely conſider me as a Man of Learning, what can I offer you that may be

be worthy of the Favour, with which you have been pleas'd to honour me? Is it a wretched Collection of *Poetry*, ſucceſsful rather by a happy Temerity, and a dexterous Imitation of the Ancients, than by the Beauty of its Thoughts, or the Richneſs of its Expreſſions? Is it a Tranſlation that falls ſo far ſhort of the Great Maſter-Pieces, with which you every Day ſupply us; and in the which you ſo glorioufly revive *Thucydides*, *Xenophon*, *Tacitus*, and all the reſt of the renown'd *Heroes* of the moſt Learn'd Antiquity? No, *Gentlemen*, you are too well acquainted with the juſt value of things, to recompence at a rate ſo high, ſuch low Productions as mine, and offer me voluntarily upon ſo ſlight a Foundation, an Honour which the Knowledge of my want of *Merit*, has diſcourag'd me ſtill from demanding.

What can be the reaſon then, which in my behalf has ſo happily influenc'd you upon this occaſion? I begin to make ſome Diſcovery of it, and I dare engage that I ſhall not make you bluſh in expoſing it. The Goodneſs which the greateſt Prince in the World has ſhewn in employing me,

me, together with one of the firſt of your Illuſtrious Writers, to make one Collection of the infinite number of his Immortal Actions; the Permiſſion which he has given me to do this, has ſupply'd all my Defects with you.

Yes, *Gentlemen*, whatever juſt Reaſons ought to have excluded me ever from your *Academy*, you believ'd that you could not with Juſtice ſuffer that a Man who is deſtin'd to ſpeak of ſuch mighty Things, ſhould be depriv'd of the Utility of your Leſſons, or inſtructed in any other *School* than in yours. And, by this, you have clearly ſhewn, That when it is to ſerve your *Auguſt Protector*, whatever Conſideration might otherwiſe reſtrain you, your *Zeal* will not ſuffer you to caſt your Eyes upon any thing, but the *Intereſt* of your *Maſter*'s Glory.

Yet ſuffer me, *Gentlemen*, to undeceive you, if you believe that that Great *Prince*, at the time when he granted that Favour to me, believ'd that he ſhould meet within me a Writer, who was able to ſuſtain in the leaſt, by the Beauty of Style, or by the magnificent Pomp of Expreſſion, the Gran-

Grandeur of his Exploits. No, *Gentlemen*, it belongs to you, and to Pens like yours, to ſhew the World ſuch *Maſter-pieces*; and he never conceiv'd ſo advantageous a thought of me. But as every thing that he has done in his *Reign* is Wonderful, is Prodigious, he did not think it would be amiſs, that in the midſt of ſo many renown'd Writers, who with *Emulation* deſcribe his Actions in all their Splendour, and with all the Ornaments of the Sublimeſt Eloquence, a Man without *Artifice*, and accus'd rather of too much *Sincerity* than of *Flattery*, ſhould contribute by his *Labour*, and by his *Advice*, to ſet to ſhew in a proper light, and in all the *Simplicity* of the moſt Natural *Style*, the truth of thoſe *Actions*, which being of themſelves ſo little probable, have rather need to be faithfully related, than to be ſtrongly exaggerated.

And indeed, *Gentlemen*, when *Poets* and *Orators*, and *Hiſtorians*, who are ſometimes as daring as *Poets* or *Orators*, ſhall come to diſplay upon ſo Happy a Subject, all the bold Strokes of their Art, all their Force of *Expreſſion*; when they ſhall ſay of *Lewis the Great*, more juſtly than

than was ſaid of a Famous Captain of old, that he alone has atchiev'd more *Exploits* than other *Princes* have read; that he alone has taken more Towns, than other *Monarchs* have wiſh'd to take: When they ſhall aſſure us, that there is no *Potentate* upon the face of the *Earth*, no not the moſt Ambitious, who in the ſecret Prayers that he puts up to *Heaven*, dares preſume to petition for ſo much *Glory*, for ſo much *Proſperity*, as *Heaven* has freely granted this *Prince:* when they ſhall write, that his *Conduct* is Miſtreſs of *Events*; that *Fortune* dares not contradict his *Deſigns:* When they ſhall paint him at the Head of his Armies, marching with *Gigantick* Strides over great Rivers, and the higheſt Mountains; Thund'ring down *Ramparts*, rending hard *Rocks*, and tearing into ten thouſand pieces every thing that reſiſts his impetuous *Shock:* Theſe Expreſſions will doubtleſs appear Great, Rich, Noble, adapted to the lofty Subject; but at the ſame time that the World ſhall wonder at them, it will not think it ſelf oblig'd to believe them, and the Truth may be eaſily diſown'd or miſtaken, under the diſguiſe of its Pompous *Ornaments.*

But, when Writers without Artifice, and who are contented faithfully to relate things, and with all the ſimplicity of Witneſſes who depoſe, rather than of Hiſtorians, who make a Narration, ſhall rightly ſet forth, all that has paſs'd in *France*, ever ſince the famous Peace of the *Pyrenees*; all that the King has done in his Dominions, to re-eſtabliſh Order, Diſcipline, Law: when they ſhall reckon up all the Provinces which he has added to his Kingdoms in ſucceeding Wars, all the Advantages, all the Victories which he has gain'd of his Enemies; *Holland*, *Germany*, *Spain*, all *Europe* too feeble againſt him alone, a War that has been always fruitful in proſperity, and a more glorious Peace: when Pens that are ſincere, I ſay, and a great deal more careful to write the Truth, than to make others admire them, ſhall rightly articulate all theſe Actions, diſpoſed in their order of time, and attended with their real circumſtances; who is it that can then diſſent from them, I do not ſay of our Neighbours, I do not ſay of Allies; I ſay of our mortal Enemies? And tho' they ſhou'd be unwilling to acknowledge the

truth of them, will not their diminiſh'd Forces, their States confin'd within ſtricter Bounds, their Complaints, their Jealouſies, their Furies, their very Invectives, in ſpight of themſelves, convince them? Can they deny that in that very Year, of which I am ſpeaking, this Prince being reſolv'd to conſtrain them all to accept of a Peace, which he had offer'd them for the good of *Chriſtendom*, did all at once, and that at a time, when they had publiſh'd, that he was intirely exhauſted of Men and Money: that he did then, I ſay, all at once, in the *Low-Countries*, cauſe to ſtart up as 'twere out of the ground two mighty Armies, each of them conſiſting of Forty Thouſand Men; and that he provided for them abundant Subſiſtance there, notwithſtanding the ſcarcity of Forrage, and the exceſſive drought of the Seaſon? Can they deny, that whil'ſt with one of theſe Armies, he caus'd his Lieutenants to beſiege *Luxemburgh*, himſelf with the other, keeping as it were block'd all the Towns of *Brabant* and *Hainault*: That he did, by this moſt admirable Conduct, or, rather, by a kind of Enchantment, like that of the Head ſo renown'd in the

anci-

ancient Fables, whoſe Aſpect tranſform'd the Beholders to Stones, render the *Spaniards* unmov'd Spectators of the taking of that important place, in the which they had repos'd their utmoſt Refuge? That by a no leſs admirable effect of the ſame prodigious Enchantment, that obſtinate Enemy to his Glory, that induſtrious Contriver of Wars and Confederacies, who had labour'd ſo long to ſtir up all *Europe* againſt him, found himſelf, if I may uſe the Expreſſion, diſabled and impotent, ty'd up on every ſide, and reduc'd to the wretched Vengeance of diſperſing Libels; of ſending forth Cries and Reproaches: Our very Enemies, give me leave to repeat it, can they deny all this? Muſt not they confeſs, That at the time when theſe wonders were executing in the *Low-Countries*, our Fleet upon the *Mediterranean*, after having forc'd *Algiers* to be a Suppliant for Peace, caus'd *Genoa* to feel, by an Example that will be eternally dreadful, the juſt Chaſtiſement of its Inſolence and of its Perfidiouſneſs; burying under the Ruines of Palaces and ſtately Houſes that proud City, more eaſy to be deſtroy'd than humbled? No, without doubt, our Ene-

mies dare not give the Lie to ſuch known Truths, eſpecially when they ſhall ſee them writ with that ſimple and natural Air, and with that Character of Sincerity and Probability, with which whate'er my Defects are, I do not abſolutely deſpair to be able at leaſt in part to ſupply the Hiſtory.

But ſince this very Simplicity, all Enemy, as it is to Oſtentation and Pageantry, has yet its Art, its Method, its Beauties; from whence can I better derive that Art, and thoſe Beauties, than from the ſource of all Delicacies, this fam'd Academy, which has kept poſſeſſion, for ſo many Years, of all the Treaſures, of all the Riches of our Tongue? Theſe, Gentlemen, are the things which I am in hopes to find among you; this is what I come to ſtudy with you; this is what I come to learn of you. Happy, if by my aſſiduity in frequenting you, by my addreſs in bringing you to ſpeak of theſe Matters, I can engage you to conceal nothing of all your moſt ſecret Skill from me: Your Skill to render Nature decent and chaſte at the very time when ſhe is moſt alluring; and to make the Colours and

Paint

Paint of Art, appear to be the genuine Beauties of Nature. Thrice happy! if by my Reſpects, and by my ſincere Submiſſions, I can perfectly convince you of the extream Acknowledgment, which I ſhall make all my Life-time for the unexpected Honour you have done me.

Letters of COURTSHIP TO A Woman of Quality.

IF it be a Crime in me, *Madam*, to love, 'tis your fair Self that's the occaſion of it; and if it be a Crime in me to *tell* you I do, 'tis my ſelf only that's faulty. I confeſs, 'twas in my Power to have forborn writing, but I am ſatisfy'd I cou'd never have ſeen you, but the Language of my Looks wou'd have *diſcloſed the Secret*; and to what purpoſe is it to pretend to conceal a Flame *that will diſcover it ſelf by its own Light?* In my mind there's more Confeſſion in diſordered Actions, frequent Sighs, or a complaining Countenance, than in all the Artful Expreſſions the Tongue can utter; I have been ſtrugling with my ſelf this three Months to diſcover a thing which I now

now muſt do in three words, and that is, that *I adore you*; and I am ſure if you'll be juſt to your ſelf, you cannot be ſo unjuſt to me, as to queſtion the reality of this Diſcovery, for 'tis impoſſible for you to be ignorant of the Charms you poſſeſs, no body can be rich, and yet *unacquainted with their Stores.* And therefore, ſince 'tis certain, you have every thing wonderfully engaging, you muſt not take it ill that my Taſte is as curious as another's, I ſhou'd do an injury to my own Judgment if it were not; I am not, *Madam*, ſo vain as to believe, that any thing I can act or utter ſhou'd ever perſwade you to retain the leaſt kind regard, in recompence of the pain I ſuffer; I only beg leave and liberty to complain: They that are hurt in Service, are permitted to ſhew their Wounds; and the more gallant the Conquerour, *the more generous is his Compaſſion.* I ventur'd laſt night to faulter out my Misfortune, 'twas almoſt dark, and I attempted it with greater boldneſs, nay, you your ſelf (cruel and charming as you are) muſt needs take notice of my diſorder; your Sentences were ſhort and reproving; your Anſwers cold; and your Manner (contrary to your uſual and peculiar

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culiar ſweetneſs) was *ſevere* and *forbidding*, yet in ſpight of all the Awe and chill Aſpect you put on, you muſt always appear moſt adorable too,

MADAM,

Your moſt loſt and

Unfortunate humble Servant.

By

By the ſame Hand.

YOu need not have laid an Obligation on me of writing, who am ſo inclinable of my own accord, to tire you with Letters; 'tis the moſt agreeable thing I can do, and cou'd wiſh you thought it ſo too; but when I reflect upon the harſhneſs of my Expreſſions, I muſt needs conclude, I have a greater regard to my own ſatisfaction in writing, than to your patience in reading; the only way I know to make me write better, wou'd be to receive more frequent Letters from *you*, which would inſtruct me to do it; and I ſhou'd think it the greateſt perfection of my Pen to imitate even the *faults* of yours (if there were any.) I have the ſatisfaction left me, that I am writing to one, that, tho' her Judgment be nice and diſcerning, her Interpretation *is eaſy* and *candid*; *One* that has not only the *brightneſs of Heaven* to make me adore her, but alſo the *goodneſs* of it to forgive my offences; elſe I ſhou'd deſpair of Pardon for this too long Letter.

I confeſs, if I were to make a Recital of your Divine Qualities, an Age would be too ſmall a time to be employ'd in the Work: I ſhou'd endeavour to paint your gay airy Temper, and yet ſhadow it with all the Modeſty and cautious Reſerv'dneſs; you have an Humour ſo very *taking*, that, as it fires the *ſerious*, and *dull*, ſo it checks, and reſtrains the too *forward*; and as your Charms give *Encouragement*, ſo your wakeful Conduct creates *deſpair*. If the Paper and your Patience wou'd not fail me, I cou'd live upon this Subject; but whilſt I do juſtice to your *Vertues*, I offend your *Modeſty*; and every offence againſt you, *Madam*, muſt be avoided as much as poſſible by him, all whoſe Happineſs depends on pleaſing you, as does that of,

MADAM,

Your humble Servant.

By

By the ſame Hand.

AS I cannot reflect upon the *Melancholy Appearance* of things on *Sunday* and *Monday* laſt, without an affliction inexpreſſible, ſo I cannot think on the happy Change, without the moſt grateful Pleaſure. Heavens! how my Heart ſunk, when I found the tendereſt part of my Soul ſeiz'd with an Indiſpoſition, her Colour faded, the uſual Gayety of her Temper eclips'd, her Tongue faultering, her Air languiſhing, and the charming Luſtre of her Eyes ſetting and decay'd! Inſtead of kind Expreſſions full of *Love* and *Endearments*, I could hear nothing but *Complaints*, and the melancholy Effects of a *growing Illneſs*. 'Tis true, (my deareſt Life) tho' you are as beautiful as *Light*, tho' ſweet and tender as a *Flower in Spring*, tho' gay and cheerful as *dawning Youth*, yet *all* theſe Perfections, that *captivate others*, cannot ſecure you againſt the *tyranny* of *Diſtempers*; Sickneſs has *no* regard to *your Innocence*, but the ſame ruf-

ruffling Tempeſt that tears up the *common Weeds*, blaſts alſo the *fragrant blaſhing Roſe*: But now, to the Eternal Peace of my ſatisfy'd Mind, the Feaveriſh Heat is extinguiſh'd, and your Charms recover their uſual heavenly Brightneſs; I am the *Unhappy Wretch* that feels their force, and conſumes of a Feaver *never* to be extinguiſh'd, but with the Life of,

MADAM,

Yours, &c.

By

By the ſame Hand.

THis Morning I diſcover'd the *Happy* Signal at your Window, which was as welcome to me as a Cordial to fainting Spirits: Heavens grant the Deſign be real, *Love* is never free from *Fears*; and my preſaging Mind bids me not be too confident. If there be any Sympathy in our Souls, as there is in our Manners and Humours, I am ſure you muſt be very much indiſpos'd; for, all Night long, dreadful Fancies haunted me, and drove all ſoft and pleaſing Idea's from me: The ſame Reſt which guilty deſpairing Wretches and Feaveriſh Souls find in the midſt of their Agonies, was my lot all Night long: I could not, durſt not ſlumber; and, as my Love grew more outragious, my Apprehenſions about you were more diſtracting. I cannot be well till I ſee you, which, if it be with your uſual Charm-

Charming Gayety, I ſhall be the moſt bleſs'd of Mortals: But if pale Sickneſs ſit upon your Lips, Heavens grant it may alſo freeze the Blood of

YOURS.

By

By the ſame Hand.

IF *Diſtraction* be an Argument of *Love*, I need no other to convince you of my *Paſſion*: All my paſt Actions have diſcover'd it, ſince I had the honour to know you; tho' not any ſo ſenſibly as my Behaviour on *Sunday*-night: My Reflection on it, gives me more pain than I can expreſs, or you imagine; tho' in my Mind thoſe Actions may be forgiven, that proceed from *Exceſs of Love*. My Letter will diſcover the Loſs of my Senſes, which I never had ſo much occaſion for as now, eſpecially when I preſume to write to one of ſo much *Judgment* as your ſelf; but you, my *Deareſt Creature*, muſt look upon the Infirmities and Diſtreſs of a *Love-ſick Wretch*, with the ſame *Candour* and *Mildneſs* that Heaven does upon you; and let *all* my Faults be forgiven by your tender Heart, that is deſign'd for nothing but *Compaſſion*, and all the *gentle Actions of ſofteſt Love*. Whil'ſt I am preaching up Pity, I muſt

muſt remember to practiſe it my ſelf, and not to perſecute you with more Words, than to tell you, that I love you to Death; and, when I ceaſe to do it, may Heaven juſtly puniſh my broken Vows, and may I be as *miſerable* as now I think my ſelf *happy*. But as the greateſt Paſſions are diſcover'd by Silence, ſo that muſt direct me to conclude.

YOURS.

By

By the ſame Hand.

I Am troubled at the Soul, to find my *Deareſt Life* expreſs her ſelf with ſo much Concern: I am ſure, till *Death* makes me *cold*, I ſhall *never* be ſo to one whoſe I *entirely* am, not ſo much by *Vows* as by the *ſincereſt Paſſion* and *Inclination*. No, my *kind* Dear, *engaging* Creature, ſooner than utter *one* Sigh which is not for You, I would chuſe to be the Contempt of *Mankind*, and an Abhorrer of my own *loath'd Being*. Your Perſon is *too charming*, your Manner *too winning*, your Principles *too honourable*, ever to let a Heart eſcape, that you have *once* made entirely your own; and, when mine is not ſo, may it feſter in the Breaſt of

YOURS.

By the ſame Hand.

TO expreſs the grateful ſenſe of the Obligation I have to You, cannot be effectually done unleſs I had your Pen. If You obſerve my Style, You will have reaſon to conclude I have not received Your ingenious Letter of Yeſterday, which ſhou'd have been a Precedent to me, and a Rule to write by; I aſſure You I am as well ſatisfy'd of the Reality of the Contents of it, as I am of its Ingenuity. Your Senſe is clear, like Your Actions; and that Spirit that glows in Your Eyes, ſhines in Your Lines. I may venture to ſay, that Writing is not the leaſt of Your Excellencies, and if any thing cou'd perſwade me to ſtay longer than *Friday* or *Saturday* here, it would be in Expectation of a ſecond Letter from You. 'Tis my greateſt pleaſure to hear You are well, and to have the happineſs of poſſeſſing in Thought, what is deny'd to my Eyes; deſi-

desiring the continuance of them for no other end, than to gaze upon my dear Conquereſs, who, after a moſt engaging manner, has the way of kindly killing

Her humble and eternally

obliged Servant.

By the ſame Hand.

I Hope, my deareſt Life, will excuſe this impertinence, tho' I received her Commands not to write; but when I tell her, that the Tumult of my Mind was ſo extream, upon the Reflection of my late Folly, that I cou'd not reſt, till I had acknowledg'd my Raſhneſs; I hope ſhe'll continue her uſual Goodneſs of forgiving one, that cannot forgive himſelf. When I think of my Unworthineſs, I rave. I have been treated by the deareſt and beſt of Creatures, with all the Honour and Sincerity imaginable, and my Return has been Brutality and ill Manners. 'Tis You alone, Madam, that have ſweet engaging ways peculiar to Your ſelf, You are eaſy without Levity; Courteous and Affable without Flattery; You have Wit without Ill-nature, and Charms without being vain. I cannot think of all Your Heavenly Qualifications, without upbraiding my ſelf for making ſuch barbarous and

and unjuſt Returns. I cannot think of what I have done, without a juſt Abhorrence; I loath and deteſt my ſelf, and muſt needs own, I ought not to ſubſcribe my ſelf, by any other Title, than,

MADAM,

Your Ungrateful.

A LETTER *of Reproach to a Woman of Quality.*

MADAM,

I Am ſorry I muſt change my Style, and tell You I am now fully ſatisfy'd that your Ladiſhip never will be ſo; I always fear'd your Deſires wou'd exceed your Returns: But when I heard You were ſupplied by three Nations, I thought You might have been modeſtly contented. And I have even yet good nature enough to pity your unfortunate Condition, or rather Conſtitution, that obliges half the Town of neceſſity to decline all ſorts of Commerce with You; I cou'd have wiſh'd you had had Reputation enough left for me to have juſtified, tho' You have cruelly robb'd me of the Joy of Loving, without making your ſelf any reaſonable Advantage of it: had your Soul conſulted my Deſtiny, I ſhould have had fairer play for my Paſſion, and not have been thus ſacrific'd to your moſt Egregious Follies; yet, ſince

ſince better late than never, take, *Madam*, this time, now the Town is disbanded, the Seaſon moderate, and your Ladiſhip's common Practice prorogued, to conſider if there be any way left You, in ſome meaſure, to ſave the Confuſion of your ſelf, and that of,

MADAM,

Your real humble Servant.

Auguſt the 10th, 95.

A LETTER *of Buſineſs to a Merchant's Wife in the City.*

MADAM,

I Can forgive you the Difficulty you made of paſſing an Ev'ning with me; nay, even the affected Indifference You entertain'd me with, when You might have employ'd Your time much better; I knew Your Character, and gueſs'd what wou'd be the end of our firſt Meeting, but deſire it may not be the beginning of the Second: for the future, prithee, dear *Hypocrite*, (do not forget Your ſelf) and ſo often engage me to Love tenderly, and yet conjure me to hope for no Return; but do me the Favour to make a better uſe of the next Opportunity, leſt You carry on too far the unnatural Jeſt, and contrive to force Your ſelf out of the Inclinations of,

Madam,

Your real humble Servant.

LET-

LETTERS,

By the late Celebrated

Mrs. KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

The Fam'd Orinda, *to the Honourable* Berenice.

YOur Ladiſhip's laſt Favour from Col. *P*——'s was truly obliging, and carried ſo much of the ſame great Soul of Yours, which loves to diffuſe it ſelf in Expreſſions of Friendſhip to me, that it merits a great deal more Acknowledgment than I am able to pay at my beſt Condition, and am leſs now when my Head akes, and will give me no leave to enlarge, tho' I have ſo much Subject and Reaſon; but really if my Heart ak'd too, I cou'd be ſenſible of a very great Kindneſs and Condeſcention in

in thinking me worthy of Your Concern, tho' I visibly perceive most of my Letters have lost their way to Your Ladiship. I beseech You, be pleas'd first to believe I have written every Post; but, secondly, since I came, and then to enquire for them, that they may be commended into Your Hands, where alone they can hope for a favourable residence: I am very much a Sharer by *Sympathy*, in Your Ladiship's Satisfaction in the Converse You had in the Country, and find that to that ingenious Company Fortune had been just, there being no Person fitter to receive all the Admiration of Persons best capable to pay them, than the great *Berenice*: I hope Your Ladiship will speak me a real Servant of Dr. *Wilkins*; and all that converse with You, have enrich'd all this Summer with Yours. I humbly thank Your Ladiship for Your Promise of Mr. *Boyle*'s Book, which indeed merits a publick, not View only, but Universal Applause, if my Vote be considerable in things so much above me. If it be possible, oblige me with the Sight of one of them, which (if Your Ladiship command it) shall be very faithfully return'd You. And now (Madam) why was

that a cruel Queſtion, When will You come to *Wales?* 'Tis cruel to me, I confeſs that it is yet in queſtion; but I humbly beg Your Ladiſhip to unriddle that part of Your Letter, for I cannot underſtand why You, Madam, who have no Perſons alive, to whom Your Birth hath ſubmitted You, and have already by Your Life ſecur'd to Your ſelf the beſt Opinion the World can give You, ſhould create an Awe upon Your own Actions, from imaginary Inconveniencies: Happineſs, I confeſs, is two fac'd, and one is Opinion; but that Opinion is certainly *our own*; for it were equally ridiculous and impoſſible to ſhape our *Actions* by others *Opinions.* I have had ſo much (and ſome ſad) Reaſon to diſcuſs this Principle, that I can ſpeak with ſome Confidence, That *none will ever be happy, who make their Happineſs to conſiſt in, or be govern'd by the Votes of other Perſons.* I deny not but the Approbation of wiſe and good Perſons is a very neceſſary Satisfaction; but to forbear innocent Contentments, only becauſe it's poſſible ſome Fancies may be ſo capricious as to diſpute, whether I ſhould have taken them, is, in my Belief, neither better nor worſe, than to faſt always,

ways, becauſe there are ſome ſo ſuperſtitious in the World, that will abſtain from Meat, upon ſome Score or other, upon every day in the Year, that is, ſome upon ſome Days, and others upon others, and ſome upon all. You know, *Madam*, there is nothing ſo various as *Vulgar Opinion*, nothing ſo untrue to it ſelf: Who ſhall then pleaſe, ſince none can fix it? 'Tis a *Hereſy* (this of ſubmitting to every blaſt of popular Extravagancy) which I have combated in Perſons very dear to me: *Dear Madam*, let them not have Your Authority for a Relapſe, when I had almoſt committed them; but conſider it without a Byaſs, and give Sentence as You ſee cauſe; and in that *Interim* put me not off, *Dear Madam*, with thoſe *Chymera's*, but tell me plainly what Inconvenience is it to come? If it be one in earneſt, I will ſubmit, but otherwiſe I am ſo much my own Friend, and my Friend's Friend, as not to be ſatisfy'd with Your Ladiſhip's taking meaſure of Your Actions by others Opinion, when I know too that the ſevereſt could find nothing in this Journey that they could condemn, but your exceſs of Charity to me, and that Cenſure You have already ſupported with Patience,

tience, and (notwithſtanding my own conſciouſneſs of no ways deſerving Your ſufferance upon that ſcore) I cannot beg You to recover the Reputation of Your Judgment in that particular, ſince it muſt be my Ruine. I ſhould now ſay very much for Your moſt obliging Commands to me to write, and ſhould beg frequent Letters from Your Ladiſhip with all poſſible importunity, and ſhould by command from my *Lucaſia* excuſe her laſt Rudeneſs (as ſhe calls it) in giving You account of her Honour for You under her own Hand, but I muſt beg Your Pardon now, and out-believing all, I can ſay upon every one of theſe accounts, for really, *Madam*, You cannot tell how to imagine any Perſon more to any one than I am,

MADAM,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt faithful Servant, and paſſionate Friend,

ORINDA.

June *the* 25th, *Priory of* Cardigan.

Lucaſia

Lucasia is most faithfully Your Servant: I am very glad of Mr. *Cowley*'s success, and will concern my self so much as to thank your Ladiship for your endeavour in it.

TO

TO THE
Honourable BERENICE.

Dear MADAM,

I Have been ſo long ſilent, that I profeſs I am now aſham'd almoſt to beg your Pardon, and were not Confidence in your Ladiſhip's Goodneſs a greater Reſpect than the beſt Addreſs in the World, I ſhould ſcarce believe my ſelf capable of remiſſion; but when Your Ladiſhip ſhall know more fully than Papers can expreſs, how much and how many ways I have ſuffered, you will rather wonder that I write at all, than that I have not written in a Week; when You ſhall hear that my Dear *Lucaſia*, by a ſtrange unfortunate Sickneſs of her Mother's, has been kept from me, for three Weeks longer than I expected, and is not yet come: I have had ſome difficulty to live, and truly, *Madam*, ſo I have, and more difficulty to be ſilent to You, but that in earneſt my diſorder was too great to write: *Dear Madam*, pardon and pity me, and, to expreſs

preſs that You do both, be pleas'd to haſten hither, where I ſhall pour all my Trouble into your Boſom, and receive thence all that conſolation which I never in my life more needed than I now do. You ſee, *Madam*, my preſumption, or rather Diſtraction to leap from Confeſſions into Petitions, and thoſe for advantages ſo much above my merit: But what is that, that the dear great *Berenice* can deny her faithful *Orinda*? And what is it that *Orinda* would not do or ſuffer, to obtain that ſweet and deſired Converſe, ſhe now begs of You? I am confident my *Lucaſia* will ſuddenly be here, to thank You for Your Charity, which You will, by coming, expreſs to me, and the Obligation You will put upon her by it; both which ſhall be equally and conſtantly acknowledged (if You will pleaſe to haſten it) by

Your faithfully affectionate Friend,
and humble Servant,

Nov. 2. 1658.

ORINDA.

TO

TO THE
Honourable BERENICE.

I Muſt confeſs my ſelf extreamly troubled, to miſs a Letter from your Ladiſhip in a whole fortnight, but I muſt beg You to believe your Silence did not occaſion mine; for my Ambition to converſe with You, and advantage in being allow'd it, is too great for me to decline any opportunity which I can improve to obtain ſo much happineſs: But really the Box of Gloves and Ribbons miſs'd a conveniency of going, and a Letter that attended them partak'd in the ſame misfortune; and by this time, and ſome days before it, I hope they have reach'd You, for they were ſent away above a Week ago; and if ſo, all that I can tell You of my Deſire to ſee Your Ladiſhip will be repetition, for I had with as much earneſtneſs as I was capable of, begg'd it then, and yet have ſo much of the Beggar in me, that I muſt redouble that importunity now, and tell you, That I gaſp for You with an impatience that

is not to be imagin'd by any Soul wound up to a leſs concern in Friendſhip than Yours is, and therefore I cannot hope to make others ſenſible of my vaſt deſires to enjoy You, but I can ſafely appeal to Your own illuſtrious Heart, where I am ſure of a Court of Equity to relieve me in all the complaints and ſupplications my Friendſhip can put up: Madam, I am aſſured You love me, and that being once granted, 'tis out of diſpute, that your *Love* muſt have nobler circumſtances than mine, but becauſe the greatneſs and reality of it muſt be always diſputed with You, by me there muſt of neceſſity remain the obligingneſs of Your Love to weigh down the Ballance, and give You that advantage over me in Friendſhip, which You unqueſtionably have in all things elſe, and if this reaſoning be true, (as ſure there are all Sciences in Friendſhip, and then *Logick* cannot be excluded) I have argued my ſelf into handſom neceſſity of being eternally on the receiving hand, but let me qualifie that ſeeming meanneſs, by aſſuring You, that even that is the greateſt teſtimony of my eſteem for Your Ladiſhip, that ever I can give; for I have a natural Pride (that I cannot much

much repent of) which makes me very unwilling to be oblig'd, and more curious from whom I receive kindneſſes than where I confer them; ſo that being contented to be perpetually in Your debt, is the greateſt Confeſſion I can make of the Empire You have over me, and really that Priviledge is the laſt which I can ſubmit to part withal, to be juſt done in Acts of Friendſhip, and that I do not only yield You in all my Life paſt, but can beg to have it continued by Your doing me the greateſt favour that ever I receiv'd from You, by reſtoring me my dear and honoured *Berenice*: This, Madam, is but one Action, but like the Summ of an Account, it contains the Value of all the reſt, and will ſo oblige and refreſh me, that I cannot expreſs the ſatisfaction I ſhall receive in it; I humbly thank Your Ladiſhip for the aſſurance You have given me, that You ſuddenly intend it, and that You were pleas'd to be accountable to me for Your ſtay till *Chriſtmas*, which being now at hand, I hope You will have neither Reaſon, Importunity, nor Inclinations to retard the Happineſs You intend me: Really, Madam, I ſhall and muſt expect it in theſe Holidays, and

a diſappointment to me, is the greateſt of Miſeries; and then, Madam, I truſt you will be convinc'd of this neceſſity there is of your Life and Health, ſince Heaven it ſelf appears ſo much concern'd in it, as to reſtore it by a Miracle: And, truly had you been ſtill in danger, I ſhould have look'd upon that as more ominous than the *Blazing-ſtar*, ſo much diſcours'd of; but you are one of thoſe extraordinary Bleſſings which are the Publick Concernments, and are, I truſt, reſerv'd to be yet many Years an Example of Honour and Ornament to Religion.

Oh, Madam, I have abundance to tell you and ask you, and if you will not haſten to hear it, you will be almoſt as cruel as *Arſaces*; but you will come, and, if you find any thing in this Letter that ſeems to queſtion it, impute it to the continual diſtruſt of my own Merit, which will not permit me eaſily to believe my ſelf favoured: Dear Madam, if you think me too timerous, confute me by the welcome Experiment of your Company, which, really, I perpetually long for, and again beg, as you love me, and claim as you would have me be-

believe it; I am glad your Ladiſhip has pitch'd on a place ſo near me, you ſhall be ſufficiently perſecuted with *Orinda*. I know you will pardon me, for not acquainting you with the News you heard from other hands, when I tell you, there is nothing of it true, and the Town is now full of very different Diſcourſe; but I ſhall tell you more particularly, when I have the honour to ſee you; and, till then, cannot with conveniency do it. I eaſily believe *Dous* factious; but in thoſe Diſputes, I think he diſcovers more Wit than Wiſdom, and your Ladiſhip knows they are inſeparable; I ſhall loſe the Poſt, if I do not now haſten to ſubſcribe, what I am always ready to make good, that I am more than any one living,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt faithful
and moſt paſſionate
Friend and Servant,

ORINDA.

Decemb. 30. 1658.

TO THE *Honourable* BERENICE.

WIth the greateſt Joy and Confuſion in the World, I receiv'd, *Dear Madam,* your Ladiſhip's moſt obliging Letter from *Kew*, and thus far I am reconcil'd to my own Omiſſions, that they have produc'd a *Shame,* which ſerves me now to allay a *Tranſport,* which had otherwiſe been exceſſive at the knowledge that I am to receive, that notwithſtanding all my Failings, you can look upon me with ſo generous a Concern: I could make many Apologies for my ſelf, and with truth tell you, That I have ventured Papers to kiſs your Ladiſhip's Hand, ſince I receiv'd one from it; but really, *Madam,* I had rather owe my Reſtitution wholly to your Bounty, than ſeem to have any pretence to it my ſelf, and I will therefore allow my ſelf utterly unworthy of having any room in your Thoughts, in that I have not perpetually begg'd it of you, with that Aſſiduity as is ſuitable to ſo great and ſo valu'd a Bleſs-

ing;

ing; and I know that tho' a Sea has divided our Perſons, and many other Accidents made your Ladiſhips Reſidence uncertain to me, yet I ought to have been reſtleſs in my Enquiries how to make my Approaches to you; and all the Varieties, and Wandrings, and Troubles that I have undergone ſince I had the honour to ſee your Ladiſhip, ought not to have diſtracted me one moment from the payment of that Devotion to you, which, if you pleaſe, I will ſwear never to have been one jot leſſen'd in my Heart, as ill and as ſeldom as I have expreſs'd it; but now, that my good Fortune has brought me once more ſo near your Ladiſhip, I hope to redeem my Time, by ſo conſtant and fervent Addreſſes to you, as ſhall both witneſs how unalterably I have ever lov'd and honour'd you, and how extreamly glad I am ſtill to be preſerv'd in ſo noble and ſo priz'd a Heart as yours; and, that I may the ſooner be ſecur'd of that, and reſtor'd to your Converſe, I muſt beg your Ladiſhip to find ſome occaſion that may bring you to *London*, where I may caſt my ſelf at your Feet, both in repentance of my own *Faults*, and acknowledgment of your *Goodneſs*, and aſſure you that neither *Lu-*

casia, nor any other Person, ever had the Will, the Power, or the Confidence to hinder the Justice of my most affectionate Service to your Ladiship, and tho' you fright me with telling me how much you have considered me of late, yet I will venture upon all the Severity that Reflection can produce; and if it be as great as I may reasonably fear, yet I will submit to it for the Expiation of my Failings, and think my self sufficiently happy if after any Penance, you will once more receive me into your Friendship, and allow me to be that same *Orinda*, whom with so much goodness you were once pleased to own as most faithfully yours, and who have ever been, and ever will be so: And, Dear dear Madam,

Your Ladiship's most affectionate humble Servant and Friend

K. Phillips.

This was wrote but a Month before Orinda *died.*

To

To Mr. HERBERT.

I Receiv'd your two Letters againſt *Hypocriſie* and *Love*, but I muſt tell you, they have made me no Convert from Women, and their Favourite; for who, like *Simonides*, wou'd give nine ſcandalous Origins to Womankind, for one good one, meerly becauſe the Follies and Vices of that Sex deſerve it, and yet hope ever to make your Account of them? Or who, with *Petronius Arbiter*, would tell the *Lawyers*,

Quid faciunt Leges ubi ſola pecunia regnat?
Aut ubi paupertas vincere nulla poteſt,
Ipſi qui Cynica traducunt tempora cena,
Nonnunquam nummis vendere verba ſolent,
Ergo judicium, nihil eſt niſi publica Merces
Atq; eques in cauſe qui ſedet empta probat.

Thus Engliſh'd by Mr. *Barnaby.*

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Power;
The cauſe is bad when e'er the Client's Poor;
Thoſe

Thoſe ſtrict-liv'd Men that ſeem above our World,
Are oft too modeſt to reſiſt our Gold:
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is ſold;
And the Grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the Cauſe.

That the Bar is but a Market for the Sale of Right, and that the Judge ſits there only to confirm what the *Bribe* had ſecur'd before, and yet hope ever to eſcape when you come into their Hands? Or what Man that has his Intereſt before his Eyes, wou'd tell this dangerous Truth, *That Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame?*

No, no, Plain-dealing muſt be left to *Manly*, and confin'd to the Theatre, and permit *Hypocriſie* and *Nonſence* to prevail with thoſe pretty Amuſements, Women, that like their own Pleaſure too well, to be fond of Sincerity. You declaim againſt Love on the uſual *Topicks*, and have ſcarce any thing new to be anſwer'd by me, their profeſs'd Advocate, if by Repentance you mean the Pain that accompanies *Love*; all other Pleaſures are mixt with

with that, as well as Love, as *Cicero* obſerves in his ſecond Book *de Oratore, Omnibus rebus, voluptatibus maximis faſtidium finitimum eſt: In all things where the greateſt Pleaſures are found, there borders a ſatiety and uneaſie pain.* And *Catullus, Non eſt dea neſcia noſtri, quæ dulcem curis miſcet amaritiem: Nor am I unknown to that bright Goddeſs, who with my Cares mingles a ſweet pleaſing Bitter.* But I take this Pain in Love to proceed from the imperfection of our Union with the Object belov'd, for the Mind forms a thouſand entrancing *Idea's*, but the Body is not capable of coming up to that ſatisfaction the Mind propoſes; but this Pain is in all other Pleaſures that we have, none of which afford that fulneſs of Pleaſure, as Love, which bears ſome proportion to the vehemence of our Deſires: Speak therefore no more againſt Love, as you hope to die in the Arms of *Sylvia*, or not periſh wretchedly in the Death of a Pumpkin. I am

Your Friend, &c.

LET-

LETTERS,

BY

Mr. *THO. BROWN.*

To C. G. *Esq; in* Covent Garden.

MAY I be forced to turn Newsmonger for a wretched Subsistence, and beat up fifty Coffee-houses every Morning, to gather Scraps of Intelligence, and fatherless Scandal; or, (to Curse my self more emphatically) may I live the restless Life of some gay younger Brother's starving Footman of the *Temple*, who between his Master's Debts and Fornication, visits once a Day half the Shop-keepers in *Fleet-street*, and half the Whores in *Drury-lane*, if I am not as ur-

utterly weary of hunting after you any longer, as ever Stateſman was of ſerving the Publick, when the Publick forgot to bribe his private Intereſt. Shou'd I but ſet down how many tireſome Leagues I have travell'd, how often I have ſhot all the City-gates, croſs'd *Lincolns-inn Fields*, paſs'd the two Tropicks of the *Old* and *New Exchange*, and doubled the Cape of *Covent-garden* Church to ſee you, I ſhou'd grow more voluminous than *Coryat*, and you'd fancy your ſelf, without doubt, engag'd in *Purchaſe*'s or *Hackluyt*'s Itineraries. As you are a Perſon of half Buſineſs, and half Pleaſure, (which the Wiſe ſay, is the beſt Compoſition in the World) I have conſider'd you in your two Capacities, and order'd my Viſits accordingly. Sometimes I call'd upon you betimes in a Morning, when nothing was to be met in the Streets, but grave Tradeſmen, ſtalking in their Slippers to the next Coffee-houſe; Midnight-drunkards, reeling home from the *Roſe*; induſtrious Harlots, who had been earning a Penny over-Night, tripping it on foot to their Lodgings; Ragmen, picking up Materials for *Grubſtreet*; in ſhort, nothing but

but Bailiffs, Chimney-ſweepers, Cinder-women, and other People of the ſame early Occupations, and yet, as my ill Stars contriv'd it, you were ſtill gone out before me. At other times I have call'd at Four in Afternoon, the Sober Hour, when other diſcreet Gentlemen were but newly up, and dreſſing to go to the Play; but to as little purpoſe as in the Morning. Then, towards the Evening, I have a hundred times examin'd the Pit and Boxes, the Chocolate-houſes, the Taverns, and all places of publick reſort, except a Church, (and there, I confeſs, I cou'd no more expect to meet you, than a Right *Beau* of the laſt *Paris* Edition in the *Bear-garden*) but ſtill I fail'd of you every where, tho' ſometimes you 'ſcaped me, as narrowly as a Quibble does ſome merry Stateſmen I cou'd name to you. Is it not ſtrange, thought I to my ſelf, that every paltry *Aſtrologer* about the Town, by the help of a fooliſh *Teleſcope*, ſhould be able to have the Seven Planets at a Minute's warning, nay, and their very Attendants, their *Satellites* too, tho' ſome of them are ſo many hundred thouſand Miles diſtant from us, to know preciſely when they go to Bed, and what Rambles they

they take, and yet that I with all my pains and application shou'd never take you in any of your *Orbits*, who are so considerably nearer to me? But, for my part, I believe a Man may sooner find out a true Key to the *Revelations*, than discover your By-haunts, and solve every Problem in *Euclid* much easier than your self. With all Reverence be it said, Your Ways are as hard to be traced as those of Heaven; and the Dean of *P*——, who in his late History of Providence has explain'd all the several *Phænomena's* of it, but his own Conversions, is the fittest Person I know of in the World to account for your Eclipses. Some of your and my good Friends, (whom I need not mention to you) have cross'd the *German* Ocean, made the *Tour* of the *Low-Countries*, seen the Elector of *Bavaria* and Prince *Vaudemont*, and might, if they pleas'd, have got drunk with a dozen of *German* Princes, in half the time, I have been beating the Hoof up and down *London*, to find out you:——So that at last, after a World of mortifying Disappointments, taking a *Martial* in my hands, I happen'd to light upon an Epigram of his, address'd to *Decianus*, a very honest Gentleman it seems,

but

but one that was as hard to be met with as your ſelf: And this Epigram, ſuiting my own caſe exactly, I here ſend you a Paraphraſe or Imitation of it, call it which you pleaſe.

Ne valeam, ſi non totis Deciane *Diebus.*
Lib. 2. Ep. 2.

In ſome vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small-Beer my Portion, and no Wine my lot:
To ſome worſe Jilt in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient Job, *or modern* Sh——*found,*
And with more Aches viſited, and Ills,
Than fill up Salmon's *Works, or* Tilburgh's *Bills:*
If 'tis not ſtill the Burden of my Prayer,
The Day with you, with you the Night to ſhare.
But, Sir, (and the Complaint, you know, is true)
Two damn'd long Miles there lye 'twixt me and you:
And theſe two Miles, with little Calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.

You

Too near Sage Will's, *the Land of Mirth and Claret,*
I live, ſtow'd up in a White-chappel *Garret;*
Oft, when I've come ſo far your Hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the ſucceeding Bliſs,
I'm told, you're gone to the Vexatious Hall,
Where, with eternal Lungs, the Lawyers bawl,
Or elſe ſtole out, a Female Friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your Service, and that's civil,
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

And now, if you are not incurably loſt to all ſence of Humanity, ſend me word where it is you paſs your Evenings, or in one of your beloved *Catullus*'s Expreſſions,

Demonſtres ubi ſunt tuæ tenebræ.

But if you think that too hard upon you, for I wou'd not be thought to invade your Privacies, appoint ſome common

Meeting-place, the *Griffin*, or the *Dog*; where, with two or three more ſelect Friends, we may paſs a few Hours over a Righteous Bottle of Claret. As you ever hope that Heaven will be merciful, or *Sylvia* true to you, let this happy Night be ſome time this Week. I am

Your moſt obliged Servant,

London,
June 20.
1695

T. Brown.

To

To the Perjur'd Mrs. -----

THis Morning I receiv'd the News, (which, knowing you to be a Woman, I confeſs, did not much ſtartle me) that is, ſpight of all your Promiſes, your Vows, and Obligations, nay, and in ſpight of your Intereſt too, (which you Women ſo ſeldom ſin againſt) you had ſacrificed my worthy Friend Mr.——, and are to be married next Week to that nauſeous, that inſupportable, that everlaſting Beaſt——. Upon which I immediately repair'd to my Friend's Lodgings; and, becauſe I knew but too well how nearly he had taken you into his Heart, I carried him to that bleſſed Sanctuary of diſappointed Lovers, a Tavern, the better to prepare him for the News of your *Infidelity*; I plied him warmly with the Juice of the generous Grape, and entertain'd him all the while with the moſt horrible Stories of your Sex, that my malice cou'd ſuggeſt to me; which, Heaven be prais'd,

was fruitful enough upon this occaſion; for I don't believe I forgot one ſingle Inſtance of Female Treachery, from Mother *Eve*, of wheedling Memory, down to your Virtuous ſelf. At laſt, when Matters were ripe, I diſclos'd the unwelcome Secret to him——. He raved, and wept, and, after ſome interval, wept and raved again; but, thanks to my pious Advice, and the kind influence of t'other Bottle, it was not long before the *Paroxyſm* was over. I cou'd almoſt wiſh you had been by, to ſee how Heroically he threw off your Chains; with what Alacrity he tore you from his Boſom; and, in fine, with what a *Chriſtian* Self-denial he renounc'd you; more heartily, I dear ſwear, than his Godfather abjur'd the Devil for him at his *Baptiſm*.

And now, Madam, tho' I confeſs you have prevented my Curſes, by your choice of ſuch a Coxcomb, and 'tis not good Manners to ſolicite a Judgment from Heaven on every ſuch Accident as this, (for Providence wou'd have a fine time on't, to be at the expence of a Thunderbolt, for every Woman that forſwears herſelf) yet ſo much do I reſent the ill

uſage

uſage of my Friend, that I cannot forbear to give you this Conviction, how earneſtly I can pray, when I ſet my ſelf to't. Therefore give me leave, Madam, to throw theſe hearty *Ejaculations* at your Head, now, ſince I ſhall not have the honour to throw a Stocking at you on the fatal Night of Conſummation.

May the Brute, your Husband, be as jealous of you, as Uſurpers are of their new Subjects, and, to ſhew his good opinion of your Judgment, as well as your Virtue, may he ſuſpect you of a Commerce with nothing of *God*'s making; nothing like a Gentleman that may ſerve to excuſe the Sin, but louſie Buſh-begotten Vagabonds, and hideous Rogues in Rags and Tatters, or Monſters that ſtole into the World, when Nature was aſleep, with Ulcers all over them, and Bunches on their Backs as large as Hillocks. May you never actually Cuckold him, (for that were to wiſh you ſome Pleaſure, which, *God* knows, I am far from being guilty of) but what will ſerve to torment him as effectually: May the Wretch imagine you've injur'd him that way; under which prepoſſeſſion

may he never open his Mouth, but to Curſe, nor lift up his Hands, but to Chaſtiſe you. May that execrable Day be for ever baniſhed out of the *Almanack*, in which he does not uſe his beſt endeavours to beat one into your Bones; and may you never go to Bed, without an apprehenſion that he'll cut your Throat: May he too have the ſame diſtruſt of you. Thus may your Nights be ſpent in eternal Quarrels, [illegible]. May he lock you up from the ſight of all Mankind, and leave you nothing but your ill Conſcience to keep you company, till at laſt, between his penurious allowance, and the ſenſe of your own guilt, you make ſo terrible a figure, that the worſt Witch in *Mackbeth* wou'd ſeem an Angel to you. May not even this diſmal Solitude protect you from his Suſpicions, [illegible], and, in one of his frantick Fits, may he beat out your Brains [illegible]. May your Hiſtory be tranſmitted to all Ages

in

in the Annals of *Grubstreet*, and, as they fright Children with *Raw-head*, and *Bloody-bones*, may your Name be quoted to deter People from committing of Matrimony. And to ratifie all this, (upon my Knees I most devoutly beg it) may Heaven hear the Prayers of

T. Brown.

TO THE

Honourable———

In the Pallmall.

SIR,

LAst Night I had the following Verſes, which, for my part, I confeſs, I never ſaw before, given me by a Gentleman, who aſſur'd me they were written by my late Lord *Rocheſter*; and, knowing what a juſt Value you have for all the Compoſitions of that *Incomparable* Perſon, I was reſolv'd to ſend 'em to you by the firſt opportunity. 'Tis indeed very ſtrange how they could be continued in private Hands all this while, ſince the great care that has been taken to print every Line of his Lordſhip's Writing that would endure a publick view: But I am not able to aſſign the reaſon for it. All that you need know concerning the occaſion of them, is, that they were written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

Fling

Fling this useless Book away,
And presume no more to pray;
Heav'n is just, and can bestow
Mercy on none but those that mercy show:
With a proud Heart, maliciously inclin'd,
Not to increase, but to subdue Mankind.
In vain you vex the Gods with your Petition,
Without Repentance, and sincere Contrition,
You're in a Reprobate Condition;
Phillis, *to calm the angry Powers,*
And save my Soul as well as yours,
Relieve poor Mortals from Despair,
And justifie the Gods that made you fair;
And in those bright and charming Eyes
Let Pity first appear, then Love;
That we by easie steps may rise
Through all the Joys on Earth, to those Above.

I cannot swear to their being genuine; however, there's something so delicate in the Thought, so easie and beautiful in the Expression, that I am without much difficulty to be perswaded that they belong to my Lord. Besides, I cannot imagine with what prospect any Gentleman should disown a Copy of Verses,

Verſes, which might have done him no ill Service with the Ladies to father them upon his Lordſhip, whoſe Reputation was ſo well eſtabliſh'd among them beforehand, by a numerous and lawful Iſſue of his own begetting. The Song that comes along with them, was written by Mr. *Gl*——of *Lincoln's-Inn*; and, I believe, you'll applaud my Judgment, for ſeeking to entertain you out of my Friend's Store, who underſtands the Harmony of an *Engliſh* Ode ſo well, ſince I have nothing of mine own that deſerves tranſcribing.

I.

Phillis *has a gentle Heart,*
Willing to the Lover's Courting;
Wanton Nature, all the Art,
To direct her in her Sporting:
In th' Embrace, the Look, the Kiſs,
All is real Inclination;
No falſe Raptures in the Bliſs;
No feign'd Sighing in the Paſſion.

II.

But oh! who the Charms can ſpeak,
Who the thouſand ways of toying,
When ſhe does the Lover make
All a God in her enjoying?

Who

Who the Limbs that round him move,
And constrain him to the Blisses?
Who the Eyes that swim in Love,
Or the Lips that suck in Kisses?

III.

Oh the Freaks, when mad she grows,
Raves all wild with the possessing!
Oh the silent Trance! which shows
The Delight above expressing.
Every way she does engage,
Idly talking, speechless lying:
She transports me with the Rage,
And she kills me in her Dying.

I could not but laugh at one Passage in your Letter, where you tell me, that you, and half a dozen more, had like to have been talk'd to death t'other day, by—— upon the Success of his late Play. For my part, I don't pity you at all; for why the Devil should a Man run his Head against a Brick-wall, when he may avoid it? On the other hand, I wonder why you Gentlemen of *Will*'s Coffee-house, who pretend to study Pleasure above other People, should not as naturally scamper out of the Room, when your persecutor appears, as Monsieur *Misson* tell us, the

the Dogs in *Italy* ran out of Church as ſoon as ever they ſee a *Capuchin* mount the Pulpit. I find by you, that the abovemention'd everlaſting *Babillard* plagued you with his Songs, and talked of outdoing *Don Quixot* of Melodious Memory; ſo far I agree with him, that if he has any Genius, it lies wholly in Sonnet. But (Heaven be prais'd) notwithſtanding all the feeble Efforts of his Enemies to depoſe him, Mr. *D'Urfey* ſtill continues the only Legal, Rightful, and Undoubted King of *Lyrick-land*, whom God grant long to reign over all his Hamlets, and may no *Gallic* Attempt againſt his Crown or Perſon, ever proſper. So wiſhes

Your moſt obliged Servant,

T. Brown.

To My Lady——

I Found a Letter of your Ladiſhip's own Hand left for me laſt Night at my Lodgings. This Morning a Porter viſited me with another of the ſort, and juſt now going to dine with ſome Friends at the *Blue-poſts*, you ſend me a third to refreſh my Memory. I vow to God, *Madam*, if you continue to draw your Bills ſo faſt upon me, I muſt be forc'd to proteſt them in my own Defence, or fly my Country. But, with ſubmiſſion, methinks the Language of all three was very ſurprizing: You complain of my Abſence, and Coldneſs, and the Lord knows what, tho' 'tis but four days ago ſince I gave you the beſt convictions of my Love I cou'd, and you flatter'd me ſtrangely, if you were not ſatisfied with them: May I be as unacceptable to all Womankind as an old *Eunuch* with *Jo. Haynes*'s Voice, if there's a Perſon in the Univerſe whom I adore above your ſelf; but the devouteſt Lover upon Earth may ſometimes be with-

without an Offering, and then certainly he's excuſed by all *Love*'s *Canon-Law* in the World, for not coming to the *Altar*. There are People I know that love to hear the ratling of the Boxes, and ſhew themſelves at the Groom-Porter's, when they have not a Farthing in their Pockets: but for my part, I cou'd never endure to be an idle Looker-on. I have a thouſand Obligations to your Ladiſhip, and till I am in a capacity to repay them, ſhou'd be as uneaſy to ſee you, as any other Creditor, when I have no Money to ſend him going. I am ſo very honeſt in my own nature, that I wou'd not put you off with half Payments, and if I were not, your Ladiſhip is ſo diſcerning, that I might much eaſier palm Clipt-money upon a *Jew*, than ſucceed in ſuch a trick with ſo nice a Judge. Perhaps, *Madam*, you are ſcrupulous in this matter, even to a Fault. 'Tis not enough for you, that your Money is *Parliamentary*, and that other People wou'd be glad on't, for if it is not of the largeſt ſize, or wants one Grain of its due weight, you reject it with indignation. But, what is the hardeſt caſe of all, (and you muſt pardon me, *Madam*, if I take this occaſion

to

to reproach You with it) You are for engroſſing a Man's whole Caſh to Your ſelf, and, by Your good will, wou'd not leave him one ſolitary *Teſtar* to diſtribute among the Needy elſewhere, tho' you don't know what Objects of Charity he may meet abroad. This, in truth, is very ſevere uſage: 'Tis the ſame as if the Government ſhou'd only take care to pay off the Soldiers in *Flanders*, and ſuffer the poor Seamen to ſtarve. Even the *Royal-Oak Lottery*, who are fit to be imitated by You in this particular, never ſtrip a Man intirely of all, but let him march off decently with a Crown or two to carry him home. If this Example won't work upon You, pray learn a piece of *Tartarian-Mercy*; they are none of the beſt bred People in the World, I confeſs, but are ſo civil when they come to a place, not to eat out the Heart of the Soil, but, having ſerved a preſent turn, ſhift their Quarters, and forbear to make a ſecond Viſit, till the Graſs is grown up again. Nay, a *Nonconformiſt* Parſon, who is a kind of rambling a *Church-Tartar*, but of the worſer ſort, after he has graz'd a beloved Text as bare as the back of one's Hand, is glad for his own convience,

to

to remove to another. Both these Instances, you'll say, look as if I advised you to supply my defect in another place; I leave that to your own discretion; but really your humble Servant's present exigencies are such, that he must be forc'd to shut up his *Exchequer* for some time.

I have a hundred times wished, That those unnatural Rogues, the Writers of Romances, had been all hanged, (*Montague* before me did the same for the Statuaries) for giving you, Ladies, such wrong Notions of things. By representing their *Heroes* so much beyond Nature, they put such extravagant *Idea's* into your Heads, that every Woman, unless she has a very despicable Opinion of her own Charms, which not one in a Million has, expects to find a Benefit-Ticket, a *Pharamond*, or an *Oroondates*, to come up for her share, and nothing below such a Monster will content her. You think the Men cou'd do infinitely more, if they pleased; and, as 'tis a foolish Notion of the *Indians*, that the *Apes* wou'd speak, if it were not for fear of being made slaves to the *Spaniards*; so you, forsooth, imagine,

gine, that we, for ſome ſuch reaſon, are afraid of going to the full length of our Abilities. We cannot be ſo much deceived in our hopes of your Conſtancy, as you are diſappointed in our Performances: ſo that 'twere happy for the World, I think, if Heaven wou'd either give us the Vigour of thoſe Brawny Long-liv'd Fellows, our Anceſtors, or elſe abridge the Deſires of the Women: But, *Madam*, don't believe a word, that thoſe Romance Writers, or their Brethren in Iniquity, the *Poets*, tell you. The latter prate much of one *Hercules*, (a Plague take him) that run the Gauntlet through fifty Virgin-ſifters in one Night. 'Tis an impudent Fiction, *Madam*. The Devil of a *Hercules*, that there ever was upon the face of the Earth, (let me beg of you therefore, not to ſet him up for a Knight of the Shire, to repreſent the reſt) or, if part of his Hiſtory is true, he was a down right Madman, and proſper'd accordingly: For you know he died raving and impenitent upon a Mountain. Both he and his whole Family have been extinct theſe two thouſand Years and upwards. Some Memoirs tell us, That the Country roſe upon them, and diſpatch'd

them all in a Night, as the *Glencow*-men were ſerved in *Scotland*. I won't juſtifie the truth of this; but, after you have tried the whole Race of us, one after another, if you find one Man thrt pretends to be related to this *Hercules*, tho' at the diſtance of a *Welch* Genealogy, let me die the Death of the Wicked.

Therefore, *Madam*, take my Advice, and I'll engage you ſhall be no loſer by it. If your Neceſſities are ſo preſſing, that you can't ſtay, you muſt e'n borrow of a Neighbour; ſince *Cheapſide* fails you, a God's Name, try your Fortune in *Lombard-ſtreet*. But if you could order matters otherwiſe, and allow me a Week or ſo longer, to make up my Sum, you ſhou'd then be repaid with Intereſt, by

LYSANDER.

A Conſolatory Letter to an Eſſex Divine, *upon the Death of his Wife.*

OLD FRIEND,

A Gentleman, that lives in your Neighbourhood, told me this Morning, after we had had ſome ſhort Diſcourſe about you, that you have buried your Wife. You and I, Doctor, knew one another, I think, pretty well at the College; but being abſolutely a ſtranger to your Wife's Perſon and Character, the Old Gentleman in Black take me, if I know how to behave my ſelf upon this occaſion: that is to ſay, whether to be Sad or Merry; whether to Condole, or Congratulate you. But, ſince I muſt do one or t'other, I think it beſt to go on the ſurer ſide: And ſo, Doctor, I give you Joy of your late great Deliverance. You'll ask me, perhaps, why I choſe this Party? To which I ſhall only reply, That your Wife was a Woman; and 'tis an hundred to one that I have hit on the

right. But if this won't ſuffice, I have Argument to make uſe of, that you can no more anſwer, than you can confute *Bellarmine*. I don't mean the *Popiſh* Cardinal of that Name, (for, I believe, you have oftner laid him upon his Back, than Mrs. *Mary*, deceas'd) but an ungodly Veſſel holding about ſix Gallons, which, in ſome parts of *England*, goes by another Name (the more's the pity 'tis ſuffer'd) and is call'd, a *Jeroboam*.——— And thus I urge it—— Mrs. *Mary*, defunct, was either a very good, or a very bad, or an indifferent, a between Hawk and Buzzard Wife; tho' you know the Primitive *Chriſtians*, for the four firſt Ages of the Church, were all of Opinion, that there were no indifferent Wives: however, *diſputandi gratia*, I allow them here. Now, if ſhe was a good Wife, ſhe's certainly gone to a better place; and then St. *Jerome*, and St. *Auſtin*, and St. *Ambroſe*, and St. *Baſil*, and in ſhort, a whole Cart-load of *Greek* and *Latin* Fathers (whom 'tis not your Intereſt, by any means, to diſoblige) ſay poſitively, That you ought not to grieve. If ſhe was a bad one, your Reaſon will ſuggeſt the ſame to you, without

out going to Councils and Schoolmen. So now it only remains upon my hands to prove, that you ought not to be concern'd for her Death, if ſhe was an indifferent Wife; and Publick Authority having not thought fit as yet, to oblige us to mourn for Wives of that denomination, it follows, by the Doctrin of the Church of *England*, about things indifferent, that you had better let it alone, for fear of giving Scandal to weak Brethren.

Therefore, Doctor, if you'll take my Advice, in the firſt place, Pluck up a good Heart; ſecondly, Smoak your Pipe, as you uſed to do; thirdly, Read moderately; fourthly, Drink plentifully; fifthly and laſtly, When you are diſtributing Spoon-meat to the People next Sunday from your Pulpit, caſt me a Hawk's Eye round your Congregation, and, if you can, ſpy out a Farmer's Daughter, plump and juicy, one that's likely to be a good Breeder, and whoſe Father is of ſome Authority in the Pariſh (becauſe that may be neceſſary for the Support of holy Church) ſay no more, but pelt her with Letters, Hymns and Spiritual Sonnets, till you have gain'd your

Carnal Point of her. Follow this Counsel, and I'll engage your late Wife will rise no more in your Stomach; for, by the unerring Rule of *Kitchin-Physick*, which, I am apt to think, is the best in all Cases, one Shoulder of Mutton serves best to drive down another. I am

Yours,

T. Brown.

To

To the Fair LUCINDA, at *Epſom.*

MADAM,

I Wiſh I were a Parliament-man for your ſake. Another now wou'd have wiſh'd to have been the *Great Mogul*, the *Grand Seignior*, or at leaſt ſome Sovereign Prince; but you ſee I am no ambitious Perſon, any farther than I aſpire to be in your good Graces. Now, if you ask me the Reaſon, why I wiſh to be ſo; 'tis neither to bellow my ſelf into a good Place at Court, nor to avoid paying my Debts; 'tis to do a Publick Service to my Country, 'tis to put the fam'd *Magna Charta* in force: In ſhort, *Madam*, 'tis to get a Bill paſs, whereby every pretty Woman in the Kingdom, (and then I am ſure you'll be included in it) ſhou'd under the ſevereſt Penalties imaginable, be prohibited to appear in Publick without her Mask on. I have often wonder'd why our *Senators* flatter us with being a free People, and pretend they have done ſuch mighty things to ſecure our *Liberty*, when

we are openly plunder'd of it by the Ladies, and that in the face of the Sun, and on His *Majesty*'s Highway. I am a sad Instance, *Madam*, of this Truth. I that, but twelve Hours ago, was as free as the wildest Savage in either *Indies*, that Slept easily, Talk'd cheerfully, took my Bottle merrily, and had nothing to rob me of one Minute's Pleasure, now love to be alone, make answers when no Body speaks to me; Sigh when I least think on't; and, tho' I still drag this heavy lifeless Carcase about me, can give no more account of my own Movements, than of what the two Armies are doing this very moment in *Flanders*. By all these wicked *Symptoms*, I terribly suspect I am in Love. If that is my case, and *Lucinda* does not prove as merciful as she is Charming, the Lord have mercy on poor

MIRTILLO.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

To

To the Same at LONDON.

MADAM,

AT laſt, but after a tedious Enquiry, I have found out your Lodgings in Town, and am pleas'd to hear you're kept by ——— who, according to our laſt Advices from *Lombard-ſtreet*, is Rich and Old, two as good Qualities as a Man cou'd deſire in a *Rival:* May the whole World (I heartily wiſh it) conſent to pay Tribute to all your Conveniences, nay, to your Luxury; while I, and none but I, have the honour to adminiſter to your Love. Don't tell me your Obligations to him won't give you leave to be complaiſant to a Stranger. You are his Sovereign, and 'tis a ſtanding Rule among us *Caſuiſts*, that under that capacity you can do him no wrong. But you imagine he loves you, becauſe he preſents you with ſo many fine Things: After this rate, the moſt impotent Wretches wou'd be the greateſt Lovers; for none are found to bribe Heaven or Wo-

Women so high, as those that have the most defects to attone for. You may take it for granted, that half the Keeping-drones about the Town, do it rather to follow the Mode, or to please a vain Humour, than out of Love to the Party they pretend to admire so, and this foolish Affectation attends them in other things. I cou'd tell you of a certain Lord, that keeps a Chaplain in his House, and allows him plentifully, yet this Noble *Peer* is a rank *Atheist* in his Heart, and believes nothing of the matter: I know another, that has a fine Stable of Horses; and a third, that values himself upon his great Library, yet one of them rides out but once in half a Year, and t'other never looked on a Book in all his Life. Admit your City-Friend loved you never so well, yet he's old, which is an incurable Fault, and looking upon you as his Purchase, comes with a Secure, that is with a Sickly Appetite; while a vigorous Lover, such as I am, that has honourable Difficulties to pass through; that knows he's upon his good Behaviour, and has nothing but his Merits to recommend him, is nothing but *Rapture*, and *Extasie*, and *Devotion*.

But

But oh, your are afraid it will come to *Old Limberham*'s Ears; that is to ſay, You apprehend I ſhall make Diſcoveries; for 'tis not to be ſuppoſed you'll turn Evidence againſt your ſelf. Prithee, Child, don't let that frighten you. Not a bribed Parliament-man, nor a drubb'd *Beau*, nor a breaking Tradeſman; nay, to give you the laſt ſatisfaction of my Secreſie, not a *Parſon* that has committed *Symony*, nor a forraging *Author* that has got a private Stealing-place, ſhall be half ſo ſecret, as you'll find me upon this occaſion. I'll always come the back-way to your Lodgings, and that in the Evening, with as much prudent religious Caution, as a City Clergyman ſteals into a Tavern on *Sundays*; and tho' it be a difficult Leſſon for *Fleſh* and *Blood* to practiſe, yet, to convince you, *Madam*, how much I value your *Reputation*, above my own Pleaſure, I'll leave you a Mornings before *Scandal* it ſelf is up; that is, before any of the cenſorious Neighbourhood are ſtirring. If I ſee you in the Street, or at the *Play-houſe*, I'll know you no more than two Sharpers, that deſign to bob a Country-fellow with a dropp'd *Guinea*, know one another when they meet in the Ta-

Tavern. I'll not discover my Engagements with you by any *Overt-acts* of my *Loyalty*, such as Drinking your Health in all Companies, and Writing your Name in every Glass-window, nor yet betray you by too superstitious a Care to conceal the Intrigue.

Thus, *Madam*, I have answered all the Scruples that I thought cou'd affect you upon this matter. But, to satisfie your Conscience farther, I am resolv'd to visit you to Morrow-night; therefore muster up all the Objections you can, and place them in the most formidable posture, that I may have the Honour to attack and defeat them. If you don't wilfully oppose your own Happiness, I'll convince you, before we part, that there's a greater Difference than you imagine, between your Man of *Phlegm*, and such a Lover as

MIRTILLO.

To

without entailing a Week's Sobriety upon himself; which, considering what Occasion there may be to drink away the Publick and Private Calamities, is a sad Mortification. *Wine* indeed is grown a sullen Mistress, that will only be enjoy'd by Men of some Fortune, and not by them neither, but upon Solemn Days; so that if these wicked Taxes continue, *Canary* it self, tho' a Confederate of ours, is like to meet the Fate of condemn'd Criminals, to return to the dismal Place from whence it came, an *Apothecary*'s Shop; and to be distributed about by discreet Nurses in the Primitive sneaking Gill. 'Tis true, the *Parliament*, as it became those to whom the People had delegated their Power, thought to obviate these grievances, by the *Six-penny* Act, and laying a Five hundred Pound Fine upon Cellar Adultery; but the Vintners (an impudent Generation) broke through these Laws as easily as if they had been Senators themselves; nay, had the Boldness to raise new Exactions upon the Subject: This obliged one half of the Town, at least, to come down a Story lower, and take up with dull *English Manufacture*, so that half our Wit lies

lies buried in execrable Flip, or fulſome *Nottingham*. To this may be aſcribed all thoſe Phlegmatick, Sickly Compoſitions, that have loaded of late both the Theatres, moſt of which puny Butter-prints, like Children begot by Pockey Parents, were ſcarce able to endure the Chriſtening; and others, with mighty pains and difficulty, lived juſt long enough (a *Methuſelah*'s Age!) to be Crown'd with Damnation on the third Day. But when Money circulates merrily, and *Claret* is to be had at the old Price, a new Spirit will appear abroad, Wit and Mirth will ſhake off their Fetters; and *Parnaſſus*, that has made ſuch heavy returns of late Years, will trade conſiderably. It would be too tedious to reckon up all the other Advantages that the Kingdom will receive by this joyful Turn of the Scene; but there are ſome behind, which I muſt not omit, becauſe the Publick is ſo nearly concern'd in them. We have a World of Married Men now, that, to ſave Charges, take St. *Paul*'s Advice in the Literal Sence; and, having Wives, live as if they had none at all, and ſo defraud both them and the Government; but upon the happy

py Arrival of Peace, they'll vigorously ſet their Hands to the Plough again, and the Stale Batchelors too will find Encouragement to marry, and leave behind them a pious Race of Fools, that, within theſe Twenty Years, will be ripe to be knock'd in the Head, in Defence of the Liberty of the Subject, and the Proteſtant Religion.

We hear there's ſuch a thing as New Money in the City, but it only viſits the Elect, for the Generality of People are ſuch Reprobates to the Government, that they may ſooner get *God*'s Grace, than a Mill'd Crown Piece. To inflame our Reckoning, tho' there's ſo little Silver ſtirring in the Nation, that Dr. *Chamberlain* is in greater hopes than ever of making his Paper-project take, yet the World was never ſo unſeaſonably ſcrupulous. What an Uſurer wou'd have leap'd at in *King Charles*'s Time, our very Porters now reject; which is full as ridiculous, as if in the preſent Difficulty of raiſing Recruits, a Captain ſhou'd reſolve to take no Men, but ſuch as were eight Foot high; or a Gentleman in the laſt Ebb of his Fortune, when he can ſcarcely pay for *Small-beer*, ſhou'd then,

and

and never before, fall in Love with *Champagne*. The laſt Year we had Money enough, ſuch as it was, merrily Circumciſed, the *Lord* knows, however it made a ſhift to find us *Wine* and *Harlots*: Now 'tis all ſilenc'd, and in the room of it, (but that too, will ſoon ſuffer Circumciſion) Faith paſſes for current, and never was there a Time of more Univerſal Chalk, ſince the *Apoſtolical* Ages. This, among other Evils, cannot but have an ill Effect, *My dear Doctor*, upon the Gentlemen of your Profeſſion; for People at preſent, are ſo taken up with the Publick Tranſactions, or their own Loſſes, that they have no Leiſure, or are ſo poor, that they have no fancy to be Sick. The generality of thoſe that are, Chriſten a Diſtemper as they do Shipwracks in *Cornwall*, by the Name of *God*'s Bleſſing, and tho' a Legion of Diſeaſes inveſt them, don't think it worth the while to ſend for a *Phyſician* to raiſe the Siege: If they do, 'tis for none of the College, 'tis for ſome Half-Crown *Chirurgeon*, who has cheated the World into an Opinion of his Skill, by putting *Greek* into his Sign, or for a Twelvepenny Seventh Son, that preaches on Horſe-

Horſeback in the Streets; but in the Caſe of Chronical Diſeaſes, *Let the World rub*, is the general Language. Men put off the mending of their Bodies, as they do of Ill-tenanted Cottages, till they have Money to ſpare. There's a Venerable Bawd in *Covent-garden*, that had her Windows demoliſh'd laſt *Shrove-Tueſday*, and ſhe won't repair them neither, till there's a General Peace.

I believe no Body in the Nation will be averſe to it, but only our Friends in Red, and theſe find their Account ſo viſibly in the continuance of the War, that if they ever pray, which, I believe, is but ſeldom, we muſt excuſe 'em if 'tis againſt that Petition, *Da pacem, Domine, in diebus noſtris.* Some of 'em quitted *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and ſome abandon'd other Stations to go into the Service; and theſe upon a Change of Affairs, muſt either turn *Padders* upon *Apollo*'s, or the *King*'s High-road, and either turn Authors, or *Grands Voleurs*, in their own Defence. But *Paul*'s will be built in a ſhort time; and then a *Low-Country* Captain will make as buſie a Figure in the middle Iſle, as ever his Predeceſſors did in the Days of *Ben.*

Johnson. Some of them may fight over the Battels of *Steenkirk* and *Landen* in Ordinaries, or demonstrate how *Namur* was taken, by scaling the walls of a *Christmas* Pye; and others set up Fencing-Schools, to instruct the City Youth. The latter, indeed, will act most naturally: For I observe, that when People are forc'd to change their Professions, they keep to 'em as nigh as they can, tho' they act in a lower Sphere: So, for instance, a batter'd Harlot makes a discreet Bawd; and a broken Cutler, an excellent Grinder of Knives. As for the Poets, I believe they are the most indifferent Men in the Kingdom, as to what happens: They have lost nothing by the *French* Privateers, since the Revolution; nor are like to do, if the War lasts Seven Years longer, so it may be supposed they will not be angry to see the only Calumny of their Profession, I mean their Poverty made universal; and indeed, if to pay People with fair words, and no Performance, be Poetical, there's more Poetry in *Grocers-Hall*, than in *Parnassus* it self.

But, *My dear Doctor*, after all this mighty Discourse of a Peace, for my part,

part, I ſhou'd believe as little of it, as I do of moſt of Mr. *Aubrey*'s Apparition Stories, but that we have not Money enough to carry on this great Law-Suit much longer, (for in effect *War* is no other, only you muſt fee more Council, and give greater Bribes) and the *Lord* have mercy, ſay I, on a Man that Sues, or a Prince that fights for his Right in *Forma pauperis*. This, and nothing but this, makes me imagine we ſhall have a Peace, and not the *Chriſtian* Piety of one or t'other ſide. And to ſay the truth, half the Vertue in the World, if traced to the Cradle, will be found to be the lawful Iſſue of meer Neceſſity. People lay aſide their Vices, to which their Vertues ſucceed, juſt as they do their Cloaths, ſometimes when they are Unfaſhionable, but generally when they are worn Thread-bare, and will hang about them no longer. A Godly Raſcal of the City leaves off Cheating, when the World will truſt him no longer; and a Rakehell turns Sober, when his Purſe fails, or his Carcaſe leaves him in the Lurch: And laſtly, which word, I don't doubt, ſounds as comfortably to you, as ever it did to a hungry Sinner

in a long-winded Church; 'tis for want of more Paper, more Ink, and more Candle, that I perſecute you no longer, who am

Your moſt humble Servant,

T. Brown.

To

To Mr. Raphson, *Fellow of the* Royal Society.

I Send you by the Bearer hereof, Mr. *Aubrey*'s Book, that you have ſo much long'd to ſee: 'Tis a Collection of *Omens*, *Voices*, *Knockings*, *Apparitions*, *Dreams*, &c. which, whether they are agreeable to your *Syſtem* of *Theology*, I cannot tell. And now I talk of *Dreams*, I have often wonder'd how they came to be in ſuch requeſt in the *Eaſt*: Whether their Imaginations in thoſe hot Countries are more rampant than ours, or whether the *Prieſthood*, for their own ends, cultivated this *Superſtition* in the People, which I am rather inclin'd to believe; yet 'tis certain, that Affairs of the laſt Conſequence, have been determin'd by them. An Interpreter of *Dreams*, was, in ſome ſort, a Miniſter of State in thoſe Nations; and an *Eaſtern King* cou'd no more be without one of that Profeſſion in his Court, than an *European* Prince without his Chaplain, or Confeſſor. *Homer* too, the Father of the

Bards, had a great Veneration for Dreams. Ὁσοι ἐκ Διὸς εἰσι. He makes them all *Jure Divino*, you ſee; had he liv'd in Archbiſhop *Laud*'s Time, he cou'd not have ſaid more for *Monarchy*, or *Epiſcopacy*. If you can pardon this fooliſh Digreſſion, (for which I can plead no other Excuſe than the *Dog-days*) I have ſomething of another nature to communicate to you, which I am confident will highly pleaſe a Gentleman of your Curioſity.

Dr. *Connor*, of the College of *Phyſicians*, and Fellow of the *Royal Society*, hath now publiſh'd in *Latin*, his *Evangelium Medici, ſeu Medicina Myſtica de Suſpenſis Naturæ Legibus, ſive de Miraculis*. He deſigns in this Book to ſhew by the Principles of *Reaſon* and *Phyſick*; as likewiſe by *Chymiſtry* and *Anatomy*, that the Natural State of any Body can never be ſo much over-turn'd, or the Scituation of its parts ſo extreamly alter'd, but it may be conceiv'd in our Mind. He treats of Organical Bodies, and the Human in particular: But becauſe ſome Perſons, who never gave themſelves the Trouble, to be fully informed of what he means, have been pleas'd to cenſure his Undertaking

taking as very Extravagant, I have his leave to lay open his Tenets before you, who are own'd by all that know you, to be so great a Master in all parts of Learning, and chiefly the *Mathematical.* Now the chief Heads of the Matters that he treats of, are as follows.

I. *Of the Nature of a Body, particularly an Organical one, where the Structure and Natural State of the Human Body is explain'd.*

II. *How many ways the Natural State of the Human Body, is said to have been Supernaturally alter'd.*

III. *Of the Laws of Motion, and of the three different Suspensions of the same, in order to explain all Miracles.*

IV. *How it can be conceiv'd, that Water can be changed into Wine.*

V. *How it can be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can be Invulnerable, Immortal, and can live for ever without Meat, as after the Resurrection.*

VI. *How a Human Body can be conceived to be in a Fire without burning.*

VII. *How we can conceive that an Army can pass through the Sea without drowning, or walk upon the Water without Sinking.*

VIII. *How it can be conceived, that a Man can have a Bloody Sweat.*

IX. *Of the different ways a Human Body can come into the World; where is given an Account of its Generation by Concourse of Man and Woman.*

X. *How we can conceive a Human Body can be form'd of a Woman without a Man, as* Christ's.

XI. *How to conceive a Human Body to be made without Man or Woman, as* Adam's.

XII. *How to conceive a Human Body dead, some Ages since, to be brought to Life again, as in the Resurrection.*

XIII. *How many ways it cannot be conceiv'd, that a Human Body can be Intire and Alive in two places at the same time.*

XIV. *Of the Natural State of the Soul, and its Influence upon the Body.*

XV. *Of the Supernatural, or Miraculous State of the Soul united to the Body.*

The Doctor desires, and I'm sure you'll own 'tis a very reasonable Request, that Gentlemen wou'd be pleas'd to suspend their Judgments, till they see his Reasons, which he will ingenuously submit, without any Presumption on his side, to their better Understanding. He is the more en-

encouraged to publiſh his Thoughts about theſe Matters, becauſe ſome of his Friends, to whom he has communicated his Reaſons, have told him, That none but ſuch as will not rightly underſtand him, (and People of that Complexion are never to be convinc'd) cou'd deny what he maintains; becauſe his Reaſons are not grounded upon any *Metaphyſical* Abſtract, or *Hypothetical* Notions, but entirely upon the viſible Structure of the Humane Body. When your Affairs will permit you to come to *London*, you and I will take an Opportunity to wait upon the Doctor, who I know will give you what farther Satisfaction you can deſire.

And now, Mr. *Raphſon*, I hope you have finiſh'd in your Country Retirement, your Treatiſe *de Spatio Infinito, Reali*, which the Learn'd World has ſo long expected from your Hands. All your Friends here earneſtly long to ſee you in Town, and particularly my ſelf, who am

Your moſt Obliged Friend and Servant,

T. Brown.

Two

TWO LETTERS BY CAPT. *ATLOFFE.*

To the Lord North *and* Grey.

My LORD,

YOU seem to wonder, what shou'd be the reason that Men in Matters of *Gallantry*, generally have incurr'd the Censure of Inconstancy, when Women prove Faithful even to an Inconveniency. One reason I believe is, that we hate to be long confin'd, and their Conversation soon palls; tho' what may be assign'd, with greater plausibleness, I think is, that those very Favours a Woman grants to her Lover, increase and continue her Affection, but withal lessen his. Mens Passion almost always extinguish

guiſh with Poſſeſſion; and what is the Parent of a Woman's Tenderneſs is the Paricide of ours: We ſeldom adore longer than we deſire, and what we aim at moſt can be conferr'd but once. In our Sex there is not that fatal Diſtinction: but as a Virgin, after yielding, has diſpoſſeſs'd her ſelf of that Jewel, which every one was willing to have purchas'd, and only courted her for. I believe the Demonſtrations of *Love* from Women, are more real than ours; there being too frequently more of *Vanity* than *Verity*, more of *Study* than *Affection* in our Pretences: But it's no ſmall wound in a Woman's Heart, that conſtrains her to ſpeak, and I really am of Opinion, that ſhe can hardly love more violently, who confeſſes ſhe loves at all. A word ſometimes drops from their Mouths, which, as it was undeſign'd, gives a clearer Evidence of a growing Inclination, than all the Elaborate Actions and Affected Languiſhings, the greateſt part of *Gallants* put in practice. A Lovely Face is certainly the moſt agreeable Object our Eyes can behold, and the very Sound of the Voice of one we dearly love, is beyond the ſofteſt Harmony: Yet, by I know not what

Fate,

Fate, I have ſeen the Juncture when both were without any effect, and this more than once. The Latitude (I fancy) which we take in our Addreſſes, makes the Impreſſion but feeble: Variety of Objects diſtracts the Choice, and we conſerve our Liberty, while we are pitching upon a Tyrant. The Indulgence of one Woman, who is not extreamly charming, makes ſome ſort of Reparation for the ſlighted Vows we vainly offer'd to a cruel *Beauty*. Few Men are ſo much in Love, as to be Proof againſt the continued Scorn of the moſt agreeable *Phillis*: We ask to obtain, not to be deny'd; and he that can find the ſame Satisfaction in every place, will hardly belong confin'd to any one. Not but that Women, ſpeaking generally, are not ſo perfidious as Men; and it is Injuſtice, as well as Malice in us, to treat 'em as we do. They deſerve really more than *Policy* will permit us to ſhew 'em they do.

Your Lordſhip's humble Servant,

AYLOFFE.

To

To a Friend in the Country.

YOU have now, at length, left ſcouring the *Watch*, and teizing the *Exchange-women*, bid adieu to *Bourdeaux*, and taken up with *Barrel-ale*. You are all the Morning galloping after a *Fox*; all the Evening in a ſmoaky Chimny-corner, recounting whoſe Horſe leap'd beſt, was oftener in with the Dogs, and how readily *Lightfoot* hit the cooling Scent, and reviv'd your drooping Spirits with a proſpect of more Diverſion; which ſome Men, who think themſelves as wiſe in the Enjoyment of this World, as all the Men in *Oxfordſhire*, are pleas'd to term meer fatigue. And I believe your own Footman would not ride ſo far and ſo hard, to fetch a good Dinner, as both of you do, to ſee the Death of a ſtinking Beaſt. Has not the *Roſe* as good Accommodation as your *Catherine-wheel* Inn? And does not a Maſque give a more Chriſtian-like chaſe, and conclude in more ſatisfaction than the Animal you wot of? I ſaw your Letters to ſome of

our

our *Club*, and laugh'd not a little at the ſtrangeneſs of your Style; it ſmelt of filthy *Tobacco*, and was ſtain'd with your dropping Tankard. You acquainted 'em at large with the Scituation of your Manſion-houſe; how a knot of branching *Elms* defended it from the *North-wind*; that the *South-Sun* gave you good *Grapes*, and moſt ſort of *Wall-fruits*; your *Melons* came on apace, and you had hopes of much good Fruit this *Summer*. After all, in *Covent-garden* Market, we can buy, in one quarter of an Hour, better *Plants* than your's, and richer *Melons*, for *Groats* apiece, than you have been poring over this three Months. You thank'd 'em for ſome News, that was ſo old we hardly could imagine what you meant, till *Tom*, who has all the *Gazets* and *Pamphlets* lock'd up in his Heart, as *David* did the Commandments, diſclos'd the Myſtery to us. I pity your new State indeed: Your *Gazets* are as ſtale as your Drink; which, tho' brew'd in *March*, is not broach'd till *December*. The chief *Topicks* of Diſcourſe, (for Converſation you have none) are *Hawks*, *Horſes*, and *Hounds*; every one of 'em as much *God*'s Image, as he that keeps them, and glori-

fies

fies the *Creator* in a greater degree, and to more purpoſe. This you call a ſeaſonable retreat from the *Lewdneſs* of *London*, to enjoy a Calm and Quiet Life: *Heaven* knows, you drink more there, and more ignoble and ungenerous Liquors than we in Town; for yours is down-right *Drinking*: Your *Whoring* I will allow ſafer, but it is meer *Brutality* too; there is no ſuch thing as Intrigue in all your County, which is like an exquiſite Sawce to good Meat, qualifying the Palate more voluptuouſly. Well, 'tis Six, and I muſt to the *Club*, where we will pity your Solitude, and drink your Proſperity, in a Cup that is worth a Stable of *Horſes*, and a Kennel of *Hounds*. So adieu.

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